A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

By JOSEPH RADFORD.

I will sing of Mercy and Judgment.
PSALM ci. 1.

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PREFACE.

SINGING the praiſes of the God of Abraham was no ſmall part of the worſhip of the Jewiſh church. That it was attended to by our bleſſed Lord, and recommended by his Apoſtles, is obvious to thoſe who are acquainted with the Scriptures of divine truth. From ſuch ſatisfactory precedents, it appears highly becoming thoſe who are ſenſible by ſin they have forfeited every favour, and are expoſed to the curſe of that law they have broken, but by grace are ſaved, through faith, for love like this to ſummon their beſt powers in the exerciſe of ſo noble a part of ſacred worſhip. While thus employed, there is ſome reſemblance ſhewn of the happy beings in heaven, who are repreſented as revering the Divine Majeſty with inceſſant ſongs of praiſe. Our ſtrains, 'tis true, are inexpreſſibly lower than theirs; yet with all poſſible ſolemnity, ſincerity, gratitude, and pleaſure, ſhould we be found in this ſweet employ.

Collections of Hymns are numerous: ſome of them I highly value; yet it does

not appear to me requiſite, that becauſe ſome of them are generally received, congregations ſhould be prohibited the enjoyment of the labours of other good men, whoſe ingenuity herein is manifeſt, with the ſoundneſs of their judgment and experience, in the freedom, fullneſs, and peculiarity of the ſalvation found in Jeſus Chriſt. Beſides, as it is generally allowed that a ſtated miniſter, from a knowledge of his people, is moſt capable of adapting his preaching to their condition; ſo it appears to me he is likely to be the beſt judge in the choice of poetical productions. For theſe reaſons I have added one more to the Collections already publiſhed. And that it may be attended with a ſpecial bleſſing to the congregation for whom it is intended, in animating their devotion, imbittering ſin, and endearing Chriſt Jeſus to them as the only ſuitable and altogether lovely Saviour, is the ſincere prayer of their ready ſervant in the Goſpel,

J. R.

MILE-END,
DEC. 12, 1789.

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HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

I. Universal Praise.

COME let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.

But how shall dust thy worth declare,
When angels try in vain?
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of Man.

O Lord, we cannot silent be;
By love we are constrain'd,
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Saviour and our Friend.

Tho' feeble are our beſt eſſays,
Thy love will not deſpiſe
Our grateful ſongs of humble praiſe,
Our well-meant ſacrifice.

Let ev'ry tongue his goodneſs ſhew,
And ſpread abroad his fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praiſe o'erflow,
And bleſs his ſacred name.

Worſhip and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jeſus giv'n;
By men below, by hoſts above,
By all in earth and heav'n.

II. Praiſe for Creation and Redemption.

THEY will neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud ſongs ſhall ſtill record
The wonders of thy praiſe.

We raiſe our ſhouts, O God, to thee,
And ſend them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas he, and we'll adore his name,
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he reſtores our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord.

Hoſanna! let the earth and ſkies
Repeat the joyful ſound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

III. Pſalm cl.

PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
And keeps a court below;
Praiſe the holy God of love,
And all his greatneſs ſhew:
Praiſe him for his noble deeds,
Praiſe him for his matchleſs pow'r;
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heav'n adore.

Publiſh, ſpread to all around,
The great Jehovah's name;
Let the trumpet's martial ſound
The Lord of hoſts proclaim:
Praiſe him ev'ry tuneful ſtring,
All the reach of heav'nly art;
All the pow'rs of muſic bring,
The muſic of the heart.

Him in whom we move and live,
Let ev'ry creature ſing;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King:
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heav'n on earth ador'd;
Praiſe the Lord with ev'ry breath;
Let all things praiſe the Lord.

IV. Pſalm xcv. Lord's Day.

COME ſound his praiſe abroad,
And Hymns of glory ſing;
Jehovah is the ſov'reign God,
The univerſal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He fix'd the ſea its bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid ground.

Come worſhip at his throne;
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his works and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

V. The Same: Pſalm cxviii.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own:
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

To-day Chriſt roſe and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumph ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Hoſanna in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

VI. The Same.

SOON as I heard my Father ſay,
Ye children, ſeek my grace,
My heart reply'd without delay,
I'll ſeek my Father's face.

Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my ſoul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a diſtreſſing day.

Should friends and kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need ſupply.

My fainting fleſh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my ſoul believ'd
To ſee thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling ſaints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raiſe your ſpirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

VII. The Same.

CAPTAIN of thine enliſted hoſt,
Diſplay thy glorious banner high;
The ſummons ſend from coaſt to coaſt,
And call a num'rous army nigh.

A ſolemn jubilee proclaim ;
Proclaim the great Sabbatic day ;
Aſſert the glories of thy name ;
Spoil Satan of his wiſh'd-for prey.

Bid, bid thy heralds publiſh loud
The peaceful bleſſings of thy reign :
And when they ſpeak of ſprinkling blood
The myſt'ry to the heart explain.

Lord, ſhed thy light, make plain the way
That leads to Sion's lofty tow'r :
Pierc'd by thy beams, let night be day,
So ſhall we ſee and praiſe thy pow'r.

VIII. The Same.

SWEET is the work, O God, our King,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks and ſing;
To ſhew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt ;
No mortal care ſhould ſeize our breaſt.
Oh ! may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of ſolemn ſound.

Our hearts ſhould triumph in the Lord,
And bleſs him for his works and word.
His works of grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep his counſels ! how divine !

Oh ! may we ſee and hear and know
What mortals cannot reach below!

May all our pow'rs find ſweet employ
In Chriſt's eternal world of joy !

IX. The Same.

IN God's own houſe pronounce his praiſe;
His grace he there reveals:
To heav'n your joys and wonder raiſe,
For there his glory dwells.

Let all your ſacred paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his deeds:
But the great work of ſaving love
Your higheſt praiſe exceeds.

All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt:
Yet when my voice expires in death
My ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

X. The Same.

'TIS the fair dawn of heav'nly day,
To heav'nly bliſs the ſhining way;
When to his temple God deſcends,
And there converſes with his friends.

At his right hand our Saviour ſtands,
With golden cenſers in his hands,
To lift our ſervices on high,
Perfum'd with his own fragrancy.

Theſe are the deareſt hours I know,
The ſweeteſt joys of all below.
Here I would chooſe my firſt abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

One gracious ſmile, my Lord, from thee,
One glimpſe of what thy glories be,
Will yield my ſoul more ſolid mirth
Than all the trifling joys of earth.

And were the world at my command,
For one dear hour at thy right hand
The mighty int'reſt I'd reſign,
And count th' advantage greatly mine.

XI. The Same.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To his abode my ſoul aſpire
With warm deſire to ſee thy God.

O happy ſouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!
They praiſe Chriſt ſtill, and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

They go from ſtrength to ſtrength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious ſeat! our God and King
Us thither bring to kiſs thy feet.

The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good with-holds

From thoſe whom he approves,
Redeemed pious ſouls.
Thrice happy he, O God of hoſts!
Whoſe ſpirit truſts alone in thee.

XII. The Same.

HAIL glorious day when from the dead
My bleſt Redeemer roſe!
Bruis'd the old ſerpent on the head,
And vanquiſh'd all his foes.

God's temple gates now open ſtand
To give me entrance in;
While my Redeemer is at hand
To anſwer for my ſin.

There I may hear his ſaving word,
And ſee his ſmiling face;
Join in the triumphs of the Lord,
And praiſe his ſaving grace.

Delightful day! but quickly gone;
Soon are thy pleaſures o'er:
When will my Sabbath be begun,
And never ended more.

XIII. The Same.

HOW welcome to the ſaints, when preſs'd
With ſix day's noiſe and care and toil,
Is the returning day of reſt,
Which hides them from the world a while!

Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They ſeem to breath a diff'rent air;

Compos'd and ſoften'd by the day,
All things another aſpect wear.

How happy if their lot is caſt,
Where Jeſus in the goſpel ſounds,
The word is honey to their taſte,
Renews their ſtrength, and heals their wounds.

With joy they haſten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feaſt upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

We thank thee for thy day, O Lord;
Here we thy promis'd preſence ſeek;
Open thine hand, with bleſſings ſtor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

XIV. The Same.

WELCOME ſweet day of reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes.

The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day:
Here we may ſit and ſee him here,
And love and praiſe and pray.

One Sabbath in the place
Where my dear Lord is ſeen,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of vanity and ſin.

My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this;

And gladly ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

XV. The Same. Pſalm lxxxvii.

GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his people's praiſe;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But ſtill in Zion loves to dwell.

His mercy viſits ev'ry houſe
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful ſtay
Where churches meet to praiſe and pray.

What glories were deſcrib'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame ſhall Tyre and Egypt know.

When God makes up his laſt account
Of natives in the holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new born and nouriſh'd there.

XVI. The Same. Pſalm lxxxiv.

GREAT God! attend while Zion ſings
The joys that from thy preſence ſprings;
To ſpend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meaneſt place
Within thy houſe, thou God of grace,
Not tents of eaſe, nor thrones of pow'r
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

God is our ſun, he makes our day;
God is our ſhield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He giveth all things, and with-holds
No real good from gracious ſouls.

XVII. Praiſe for Redemption.

BEGIN ye ſaints the happy ſong,
Let love inſpire the theme;
'Tis Jeſus's grace
That calls for our praiſe;
'Twas Jeſus alone did redeem.

When juſtice fix'd the ſinners fate,
In endleſs woe to dwell,
'Twas Jeſus that ſtood,
Reſiſting to blood,
And ranſom'd the ſinner from hell.

Our only Advocate and Friend,
The mighty work he wrought;
When bowing his head,
" 'Tis finiſh'd," he ſaid;
O ſinner exult at the thought.

A ſpotleſs victim to the croſs
Himſelf he thus reſign'd;
Then enter'd the grave,
The wretched to ſave,
The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

Lo! now in bliſs our cauſe he pleads:
Till we behold his face,
Unchangeable love
To us he will prove,
Eternal in mercy and grace.

Then let us lift our loudeſt praiſe
To Sion's holy King:
He's worthy we own,
Who ſits on the throne;
Hoſanna to Jeſus we ſing!

XVIII. The Same.

OUR Saviour alone, the Lord let us bleſs,
Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of (our peace,
Who ever more ſaves us by ſhedding his blood;
All hail! holy Jeſus, our Lord and our God.

We thankfully ſing thy glory and praiſe,
Thou merciful ſpring of pity and grace;
Thy kindneſs for ever to men we will tell,
And ſay, Our dear Saviour redeems us from hell.

Preſerve us in love while here we abide;
O never remove thy preſence, nor hide
Thy glorious ſalvation; till joyful we ſee
The beautiful viſion completed in thee.

XIX. The Same.

AWAKE and ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praiſe the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing pow'r,
Sing how he interceeds above
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore.

Sing till we feel our hearts
Aſcending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

Sing till you hear him ſay,
"Your ſins are all forgiv'n;"
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
Till call'd to meet in heav'n.

XX. The Same.

NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe
To great Jehovah's equal Son:
Awake my ſoul in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above:
How ſwift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlaſting love!

Down to this baſe, this ſinful earth
He came, to raiſe our nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath;
Jeſus the God was born to die.

Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty captive priſ'ner lay;
Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

But now amidſt angelic ſongs
Jeſus our God exalted reigns;
O may his praiſe fill all our tongues,
And echo to the heav'nly plains.

XXI. The Same.

COME let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

XXII. The Same.

JOIN ye redeemed heirs of grace
In a new ſong of lofty praiſe;
Jeſus is worthy to receive
The utmoſt glories we can give.

Worthy, thou dear atoning Lamb;
From ev'ry kindred, tongue, and name,

Thou haſt redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and prieſts to God.

Bleſs'd be thy name, for ever bleſs'd,
Of wiſdom, pow'r and ſtrength poſſeſs'd;
Honour and might, and glory too,
We give thee as thine endleſs due.

Unnumber'd hoſts thy glories ſing;
They hail thee as their Lord and King;
Not one bright crown is worn above,
But what is own'd a gift of love.

Elders and ſaints, and angels join
In work ſo wond'rous and divine;
Their glories at thy footſtool lay,
And praiſe thee thro' an endleſs day.

XXIII. The Same.

TO praiſe redeeming love
Dear Chriſtians lend a voice;
Come, thou diviner Dove
And help us to rejoice.
Our hearts, too low, Lord, thou canſt raiſe;
Bleſt Spirit, blow, and we ſhall praiſe.

Here, Lord, may we admire
The riches of thy grace;
Till thou ſhalt call us higher,
There to behold thy face.
Oh height of grace! Oh depth of love!
Lord, fit us for our place above.

Who can thy love expreſs?
Thy mercy ne'er decays;

What can our ſouls do leſs
Than love thee all our days?
Bleſs God each ſoul ev'n unto death,
And write a ſong for ev'ry breath.

XXIV. The Same.

COME all harmonious tongues,
Your nobleſt muſic bring;
Tis Chriſt the everlaſting God,
And Chriſt the man we ſing.

Tell how he took our fleſh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of ſacred blood
That helliſh monſters ſpilt.

Down to the ſhades of death
He bow'd his ſacred head;
Yet he aroſe to live and reign
When death itſelf is dead.

No more the bloody ſpear,
The croſs, the nails no more;
For hell itſelf ſhakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

XXV. The Same.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;

He ſaw, and Oh! amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

Down from the ſhining courts above,
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

XXVI. The Same.

O God of all grace!
Thy goodneſs we praiſe,
Thy Son thou haſt given to die in our place
He came from above,
Our curſe to remove; (would love
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us becauſe

Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely, (why
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot te
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us ſo well
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell

He hath ranſom'd our race;
Oh! how ſhall we praiſe
Or worthily ſing thy unſpeakable grace;

When time is no more
We ſtill ſhall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or ſhore.

XXVII. The Same.

RAISE your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
celeſtial grace hath done.

Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched race
From their abyſs of woes.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

Now, ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrows ceaſe;
Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

May we obey the call,
And lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation he hath wrought,
And love and praiſe his name.

XXVIII. The Same.

COME happy ſouls, approach your God
With new melodious ſongs;

Come, tender to Almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father ſent his equal Son
To give them life again!

Thy hands, dear Jeſus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commiſſion to perform
The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forſook the throne,
When Chriſt on the kind errand came,
And brought ſalvation down.

O deareſt Lord, melt down our ſouls
T' accept thine offer'd grace;
Then will we bleſs the Saviour's love,
And give the Father praiſe.

XXIX. The Same.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's name;
Ye who Jeſu's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye who ſee the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

Mourning ſouls, dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin,
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop, and taſte redeeming love.

Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome to his ſacred reſt;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

Hither then your muſic bring;
Strike aloud each chearful ſtring;
Mortals join the hoſt above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

XXX. The Same.

THE fountain of Chriſt, Lord, help us to ſing,
The blood of our Prieſt, our crucify'd King,
The fountain that cleanſes from ſin and from filth,
And richly diſpenſes ſalvation and health.

This fountain, ſo dear, he'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the ſpear, it flow'd from his heart;
With blood and with water, the firſt to atone,
To cleanſe us the latter; the fountain's but one.

This fountain from guilt not only makes pure;
And gives, ſoon as felt, infallible cure;
But if guilt removed return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved again and again.

This fountain unſeal'd ſtands open for all
Who long to be heal'd, the great and the ſmall.
Here's ſtrength for the weakly, who hither are led;
Here's health for the ſickly; here's life for the dead.

This fountain, tho' rich, from charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch the welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty, come loathſome and bare;
You can't come too filthy, come juſt as you are.

This fountain in vain has never been try'd;
It takes out all ſtain whenever apply'd;
The water flows ſweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanſe ſouls completely, tho' leprous as mine.

XXXI. The Same.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet our Saviour forth.

But oh! what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
My ſoul with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears for thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

Jeſus, our great High Prieſt,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
Thou guilty ſinner ſeek
No ſacrifice beſide:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord,
Our Conqu'ror and our King,
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing.
Thine is the pow'r, oh! may we ſit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

XXXII. The Same.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore.

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, Rejoice.

Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above.
Lift up, &c.

He ſits at God's right hand
Till all his foes ſubmit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up, &c.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jeſus given.
Lift up, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jeſus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home.
We ſoon ſhall hear th' Arch-angel's voice;
The trump of God ſhall ſound, Rejoice!

XXXIII. The Same.

WHAT equal honours ſhall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
Since all the notes that angels ſing
Are far inferior to thy name.

orthy is he that once was ſlain,
he Prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd;
orthy to riſe, and live and reign
his Almighty Father's ſide.

w'r and dominion are his due,
ho ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
iſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
hough he was charg'd with madneſs here.

nour immortal muſt be paid,
ſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn;
hile glory ſhines around his head,
glorious crown without a thorn.

eſſings for ever on the Lamb,
ho bore our ſins, and curſe and ſhame:
t angels ſound his ſacred name,
d ev'ry creature ſay, Amen.

XXXIV. The Same.

ET us, the ſheep by Jeſus nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bleſs;
t us, whom Jeſus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulneſs.

t unto us, to thee alone
Be praiſe and glory giv'n;
re ſhall thy praiſes be begun,
But carry'd on in heav'n.

e hoſts of ſpirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems ſing;
imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

Had we our tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our ſongs ſhould riſe;
Like them we never ſhould be tir'd,
But love the ſacrifice.

Till we this veil of fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praiſe.

XXXV. The Same.

THE Lamb is ſlain, how ſweet's the ſound!
What fountains are in ev'ry wound!
Thoſe ſtreams that thence ſo freely flow,
Will waſh the ſinner white as ſnow:
What ſtrange diſeaſes will they cure!
What med'cine are they for the poor!

What makes theſe ſprings ſo choice and good,
Is very rarely underſtood:
Some taught of God, and very few,
The ſecret cauſe and reaſon know,
Namely, becauſe the Lamb is God,
From whence divinely runs the flood.

Had he not dy'd, we all had been
Now loſt in unbelief and ſin;
But while he dy'd upon the tree,
He bore content our miſery.
Our chaſtiſement, our guilt and ſhame
Was laid upon the ſpotleſs Lamb.

Forever ſin and death are ſlain,
Through the Redeemer's ſweat and pain.

ffences and tranſgreſſions fall,
he Saviour triumphs over all;
rings right'ouſneſs e'erlaſting in,
nd makes by death an end of ſin.

XXXVI. The Same.

OME, thou Fount of ev'ry bleſſing,
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace;
reams of mercy, never ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe.
each me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above,
here the ranſom'd all unite in
Praiſe of God's unchanging love.

ere I raiſe my Ebenezer,
Hither by thine help I'm come,
nd I hope, by thy good pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at home.
eſus ſought me when a ſtranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
e, to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

h! to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
et that grace now like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
rone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love!
ere's my heart, oh! take and ſeal it,
Seal it for thyſelf above.

XXXVII. The Same.

JESUS, to thee my voice I raiſe,
To thee belongs eternal praiſe;
Thy ſaints ſhall endleſs tribute bring
To thee their Prophet, Prieſt, and King.

Pardon and cure my unbelief,
Great Ranſomer of ſinners chief,
And ſhew me that thy dying blood
Hath reconcil'd my injur'd God.

Then ſhall I ſing with heart and voice,
And only in thy name rejoice:
Yea, all my pow'rs ſhall ſweetly join
To celebrate thy grace divine.

While in thy courts below I dwell,
Thy matchleſs love I'll loudly tell;
But when I reach thy courts above,
Each breath ſhall breathe ſeraphic love.

XXXVIII. The Same.

HAIL, thou once deſpiſed Jeſus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Who didſt ſuffer to releaſe us,
Who didſt free ſalvation bring;
Hail, thou univerſal Saviour!
Who haſt borne our ſin and ſhame;
By whoſe merits we find favour;
Life is giv'n through thy name.

Paſchal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our ſins on thee were laid;

By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
Ev'ry sin may be forgiv'n
Through the virtue of thy blood.
Open'd is the gate of heav'n;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading,
"Spare them yet another year."
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest noblest lays;
Help to sing our Jesu's merits!
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

XXXIX. Providential Care.

WHEN all the mercies of my God
My rising soul surveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love, and praise?

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
While in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The pleaſing theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee,
A grateful ſong I'll raiſe;
But oh! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praiſe.

XL. The Same. Pſalm cxlvi.

I'LL praiſe my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: He made the ſky,
And earth and ſeas with all their train:
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' oppreſt, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

The Lord pours eye-ſight on the blind;
The Lord ſupports the fainting mind;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs;
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

I'll praiſe him while he lends me breath,
&c. &c.

XLI. The Same. Pſalm xcv.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice:
When his ſalvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful ſight,
And Pſalms of honour ſing;

The Lord's a God of boundleſs might,
The whole creation's King.

Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures ſeem,
And all the heathen gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

Come, and with humble ſouls adore,
Come, bow before his face;
May we, the creatures of his pow'r,
Be children of his grace.

XLII. Chriſt's Righteouſneſs imputed.

AWAKE, my heart, ariſe, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorn'd my naked ſoul,
And made ſalvation mine:
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces ſhine.

The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace:
But Jeſus ſpent his life to work
The robe of righteouſneſs.

And left the ſhadow of a ſpot
Should on my ſoul be found,

He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And caſt it all around.

Strangely, my ſoul, art thou array'd,
By the great ſacred Three!
In ſweeteſt harmony of praiſe
Let all my pow'rs agree.

XLIII. God's Care of his Church.

NOW ſhall my inward joys ariſe,
And burſt into a ſong;
Almighty love inſpires my heart,
And pleaſure tunes my tongue.

God on his thirſty Sion hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And ſolemn oaths has bound his love
To ſhow'r ſalvation down.

Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suſpicions and complaints?
Is he our God, and ſhall his grace
Grow weary of his ſaints?

Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb;
And 'mongſt a thouſand tender thoughts
Her ſuckling have no room?

Yet, ſaith the Lord, ſhould nature change,
And mothers monſters prove,
Sion ſtill dwells upon the heart
Of everlaſting love.

Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name:

My hand ſhall raiſe her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame.

XLIV. The Eternity of God.

RISE, riſe my ſoul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;
And rouze up ev'ry tuneful ſound,
To praiſe th' eternal God.

Long e'er the lofty ſkies were ſpread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

His boundleſs years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintains their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
The preſent and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And ſees our ages waſte.

The ſea and ſky muſt periſh too,
And vaſt deſtruction come.
The creatures, look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

Well, let the ſea ſhrink all away,
And flame melt down the ſkies,
My God ſhall live an endleſs day
When th' old creation dies.

XLV. The Same. Heb. i. 6.

NOW to the Lord a noble ſong!
Awake, my ſoul, awake, my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim!

See where it ſhines, in Jeſu's face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his mightieſt works out-done.

Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
Exult, my ſoul, at Jeſu's name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound!
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

Oh! may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name on harps of gold.

XLVI. The Glory of Chriſt in Heaven.

OH! the delights! the heav'nly joys!
The glories of the place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

Sweet majeſty and awful love
Sit ſmiling on his brow,
While all the glorious ranks above
At humble diſtance bow.

Arch-angels ſound his lofty praiſe
Through ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,

And lay their higheſt honours down,
Submiſſive at his feet.

This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unſeen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

XLVII. Providence.

AWAKE, my ſoul, to hymns of praiſe!
To God the ſong triumphant raiſe:
Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heav'ns their ample curtains ſpread.

Around him, rang'd in awful ſtate,
Th' aſſembled ſtorms ſubmiſſive wait,
And flames, attentive to fulfil
The dictates of his mighty will.

While cloſe beſide the murm'ring ſpring
The feather'd minſtrels ſit and ſing,
And, ſhelter'd in the branches, ſhun
The fervours of the mid-day ſun.

The ſhow'rs with verdure crown the hills;
The earth with various fruit he fills;
Preventive of their wants, his aid
Yields to the brute the ſpringing blade.

For man, chief object of his care,
His hand the fruitful herbs prepare;
The glad'ning wine, refreſhing oil,
And bread that ſtrings his nerves for toil.

Great God! in ceaſeleſs ſtrains my tongue
Shall meditate the grateful ſong;

nd long as breath informs my frame,
he wonders of thy love proclaim.

XLVIII. The Same. Phil. ii. 6.

OW can we adore, or worthily praiſe
Thy goodneſs and pow'r, thou God of (all grace:
ith honour and bleſſing before thee we fall,
oſt gladly confeſſing thee Father of all.

he heav'ns and earth, and water and air,
o thee owe their birth, ſubſiſt by the care;
hile angels are ſinging thy praiſes above,
e mortals are bringing our tribute of love.

hou, Saviour, art one with God the Supreme,
is eternal Son, and equal with him:
veſted with glory on high thou doſt ſit,
hile angels adore thee, and bow at thy feet.

ow ſoon will thy ſeat of judgment appear?
repare us to meet and welcome thee there:
hy witneſſing Spirit in us ſhed abroad,
nd bid us inherit the kingdom of God.

XLIX. The Same. Pſalm ciii.

LESS, O my ſoul, the living God!
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
et all the pow'rs within me join
n work and worſhip ſo divine.

leſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace!
is favours claim thy higheſt praiſe:

Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence and forgot?

'Tis he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done.
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He ſatisfies our mouth with good,
And feeds our ſouls with heav'nly food.

Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join,
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

L. Exhorting God's People to Praiſe.

COME, my brethren, Iſrael's race,
And hear me bleſs my King;
Hear me my beloved praiſe;
My Jeſus do I ſing.
Neither hear my ſong alone;
But help, O help me to proclaim
Jeſus, our Creator's Son!
Jeſus! that lovely name!

Others ſing their time away,
Who Jeſus never knew;
Ought not we to paſs our day
In joy and ſinging too?
Others, have they cauſe to bleſs?
The children of the King have more;

hey have Chriſt their righteouſneſs,
Their glory, peace, and pow'r.

one but Jeſus will we ſing,
None elſe will we adore;
e our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
one among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth our praiſe may claim;
one but Jeſus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb.

LI. The Same. Zech. iii. 2.

WHERE ſhall my wand'ring ſoul begin?
How ſhall I all to heav'n aſpire?
ſlave redeem'd from death and ſin!
brand pluck'd from eternal fire!
ow ſhall I equal triumph raiſe?
nd ſing my great Deliv'rer's praiſe?

hat though the ancient dragon rage,
nd call forth all his hoſt to war!
ho' earth's ſelf-righteous ſons engage,
hem and their god alike I dare:
eſus, the ſinner's Friend proclaim;
eſus, to ſinners ſtill the ſame.

ome, O my guilty brethren, come,
roaning beneath your load of ſin;
is bleeding heart ſhall make you room;
is open ſide ſhall take you in:
e calls you now, invites you home:
ome, O my guilty brethren, come.

For you the purple current flow'd,
In pardons from his wounded ſide;
Languiſh'd for you th' eternal God;
For you the Prince of glory dy'd;
Believe, and all your ſin's forgiv'n;
Only believe, and yours is heav'n.

LII. The Same. Jer. xxiii. 5, 6.

O THOU in whom the Gentiles truſt!
Thou only holy, only juſt!
O tune our ſouls to praiſe thy name!
Jeſus! unchangeable the ſame!

If angels, whilſt to thee they ſing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing,
How ſhall we ſinful duſt draw nigh
The great, the awful Deity!

Glory to thee, auſpicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM!
With all our pow'r thy grace we bleſs,
Our joy, our peace, our righteouſneſs.

Live, ever glorious Jeſus, live!
Worthy all bleſſings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit,
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet!

LIII. JEHOVAH JESUS.

MY ſong ſhall bleſs the Lord of all;
My praiſe ſhall climb to his abode;
Thee SAVIOUR, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

Without beginning or decline;
Object of faith, and not of ſenſe;
Eternal ages ſaw him ſhine,
He ſhines eternal ages hence.

Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his deareſt claim;
That gracious ſound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

A chearful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I ſee;
My boſom glows with heav'nly zeal,
To worſhip him who died for me.

As man, he pities my complaint;
His pow'r and truths are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint;
Salvation's ſure, and muſt be mine.

LIV. Gratitude.

WHAT ſhall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r,
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulneſs t' adore,
To praiſe thee as thy ſaints above,
To praiſe thee for thy wond'rous love.

When like loſt ſheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful ſhepherd's eye,
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's ſin and vanity,
Then Jeſus from the heav'ns came down,
To ſave us by his grace alone.

He bore our ſins upon the tree;
To ſeek and ſave the loſt he came;
There was he bound to ſet us free
From death and everlaſting ſhame.
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their Shepherd bled.

LV. Triumph of Faith.

HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With bleſt anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And paſſing through the fire,
Thy love we praiſe, which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine Almighty favour:
The love divine, which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine forever.

Thou doſt conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world and ſin and Satan,
In vain our march oppoſes;
By thee we ſhall break through them all,
And ſing the ſong of Moſes.

By faith we ſee the glory
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us;
The croſs deſpiſe, for that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us;
And if thou count us worthy,
We each as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

LVI. The Same. 2 Tim. iv. 18.

TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

'Tis his Almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

He will preſent his ſaints
Unblemiſh'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God,
Wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of Majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

LVII. Let all Things praiſe the Lord.

THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice ſhall ſing;
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirit came.

We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues;
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelic ſongs.

Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks and trees, and fires and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

Ye plannets to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praiſe him in your unwearied courſe
Around the ſteady pole.

The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills;
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

LVIII. The Great I AM.

TO thee, thou great Almighty King,
My ſoul with all the earth ſhall bow,

With trembling I thy praiſes ſing,
Thou preſent and eternal NOW:
Thou out of nothing all haſt made;
Thou form'd'ſt the ſeas, and ſpread'ſt the ſkies;
But, "Let it be," th' Almighty ſaid,
And ſtrait created wonders riſe.

While millions fall before thy throne,
With hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Thee, too, my favour'd ſoul would own,
And bleſs thy name, thou great I AM.
Bleſs'd be the love that ſpread on earth,
Such beauteous forms to pleaſure man,
That gave to teeming nature birth,
Form'd from his own eternal plan.

Bleſs'd be the love that left his throne,
To ranſom ſinners with his blood,
That came to ſeek and ſave his own,
And in our place of veng'ance ſtood.
Bleſs'd be the love that comes to ſeal
The blood-bought pardon on my heart;
That tells, when earthly houſes fail,
I in his manſions have a part.

LIX. Inviting to Praiſe.

YE ſervants of God, your Maſter proclaim,
And publiſh abroad his wonderful name;
The name, all-victorious, of Jeſus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, Almighty to ſave,
And ſtill he is nigh, his preſence we have;

The great congregation his triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing ſalvation to Jeſus our King.

Salvation to God that ſits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Our Jeſus's praiſes the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worſhip the Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give him his right;
All glory and pow'r, and wiſdom and might;
All honour and bleſſing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceaſing, and infinite love.

LX. The Same.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſure leſs.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

LXI. The Same.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

Shout, ye little flock, and bleſt,
You on Jeſu's throne ſhall reſt;
There your ſeat is now prepar'd;
There's your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand,
On the borders of your land;
Jeſus Chriſt, your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee.

LXII. God's ſpecial Care of his Saints.

GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;

His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Iſra'l, the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty foes.

In their diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
Their pray'rs he heard, and wants ſupply'd;
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

Thus, when our firſt releaſe we gain,
From Sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this deſert world to paſs,
A dang'rous and a tireſome place.

Let ev'ry ſaint with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord;
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

LXIII. Faithfulneſs.

BEGIN, my tongue, ſome heav'nly theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad;
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And the performing God.

Engrav'd as in eternal braſs
The mighty promiſe ſhines;

Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

LXIV. The Same.

IN grateful ſtrains I'll ſing, and ſhew
The mercies of the Lord,
And make ſucceeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

The ſacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he ſpeak a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewiſh throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant ſeal'd
To David's greater Son.

His ſeed forever ſhall poſſeſs
A throne above the ſkies;
The meaneſt ſubject of his grace
Shall to his glory riſe.

Lord God of hoſts, thy wondrous ways
Are ſung by ſaints above;
And ſaints on earth their honours raiſe
To thy unchanging love.

LXV. Sovereign Goodneſs.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy right'ouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Through the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word
To chear the ſouls he loves.

Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim;
But ſaints, that taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

LXVI. The Same.

YE ſervants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praiſes ſing;
Where'er the ſun ſhall riſe and ſet,
The nations ſhall his praiſe repeat.

Above the earth, beyond the ſky,
Stands his high throne of majeſty;
Nor time nor place his pow'r reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal reign.

Behold his love! he ſtoops to view
What ſaints above, and angels do;
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

rom duſt and cottages obſcure,
is grace exalts the humble poor;
ives them the honour of his ſons,
nd fits them for their heav'nly throne.

LXVII. The Same.

AWAKE, my heart, awake, my tongue,
The Saviour's love ſhall ſwell my ſong;
ngels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
pprove the ſong, and join the praiſe.

ing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
ing the wonders of thy word;
magnify thy righteouſneſs,
hy loving-kindneſs and thy grace.

midſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
pheld and guarded by thy hand;
hy words my fainting ſoul revive,
nd keeps my dying faith alive.

race will compleat what grace begins,
o ſave from ſorrow or from ſins;
he work that wiſdom undertakes,
ternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

LXVIII. The Same.

GREAT is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praiſe be great;
e'll ſing the honours of his throne,
His works of grace repeat.

hy grace ſhall dwell upon our tongue;
And while our lips rejoice,

May thoſe that hear our ſacred ſongs;
Join with a chearful voice.

Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

Thy ſtubborn foes thy ſword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their hearts with pain:
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay
They ſought his aid in vain.

LXIX. Chriſt's Conqueſt of Death.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloath'd himſelf in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of our ſongs,
To our aſcended God.

Bright angels, ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe;
Let heav'n and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praiſe.

LXX. Condeſcenſion.

ETERNAL Pow'r, Almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Acceſsleſs light is thy abode,
To angels eyes unknown.

Great God! and wilt thou condeſcend
To caſt a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend,
Theſe ſeats of ſin and woe?

How ſtrange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

While golden harps and angels tongues
Reſound immortal lays,
Great God! permit our humble ſongs
To riſe and ſpeak thy praiſe.

LXXI. Interceſſion.

BEFORE the Father's awful throne
Our merciful High Prieſt yet ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlaſting Friend,
Who loving, loves them to the end.

May we his baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take him for our only choice,
And cleave to him in love alone;

Be growing up in holineſs,
Till call'd to meet in realms of bliſs.

Then ſhall our grateful ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd away;
No ſin, no ſorrow ſhall be found,
No night o'ercloud the endleſs day.
O praiſe him all beneath, above!
O praiſe him! praiſe the God of love.

LXXII. The Same. Pſalm ciii.

O BLESS the Lord, my ſoul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to praiſe his name,
Whoſe favours are divine.

O bleſs the Lord, my ſoul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulneſs,
And without praiſes die.

His pow'r ſubdues our ſins;
And his forgiving love
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt
Doth all our guilt remove.

He'll crown our life with love,
When ranſom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd our ſouls from hell
Hath ſov'reign pow'r to ſave.

His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moſes known;
But ſent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

LXXIII. His Ways are Verity and Judgment.

GIVE to our God immortal praiſe;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

Give to the Lord of Lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

He fills the ſun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more.

He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt and darkneſs, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

LXXIV. Mercy in the midſt of Judgment.

MY ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;

Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his name,
Is ſuch as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promiſe ſure.

LXXV. The Glories of God in Creation and Grace.

THOU lovely ſource of true delight,
Whom I unſeen adore;
Unveil thy beauties to my ſight,
That I may love thee more.

Thy glory o'er creation ſhines;
But in thy ſacred word
I read, in fairer brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And ſin and ſorrow riſe,

Thy love with chearful beams of hope
My fainting heart ſupplies.

But ah! too ſoon the pleaſing ſcene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears riſe dark between,
And I again complain.

Jeſus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with bliſful ray;
Break radiant through this ſhade of night,
And chaſe my fears away.

Then ſhall my ſoul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

LXXVI. Unchanging Mercy.

TO God the great, the ever bleſs'd,
Let ſongs of honour be addreſs'd;
His mercy firm for ever ſtands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs praiſe?
Bleſs'd are the ſouls that fear thee ſtill,
And pay their duty to thy will.

Remember what thy mercy did
For Iſrael's race, thy choſen ſeed;
And with the ſame ſalvation bleſs
The meaneſt ſuppliant of thy grace.

O may I ſee thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice;

And this my glory, Lord, ſhall be,
Join'd to thy ſaints, and near to thee:

LXXVII. The Infinite.

HAD I ſome angel's heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden ſtring,
Then would I raiſe a lofty ſong
To our eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be,
Great everlaſting One!
Boundleſs thy might and majeſty!
And unconfin'd thy throne.

Thine eſſence is a vaſt abyſs,
Which angels cannot ſound!
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

Reaſon may graſp the maſſy hills,
And ſtretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our ſpirit fills,
And over-loads our ſoul.

In vain our haughty reaſon ſwells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundleſs unconceivables!
And vaſt eternity!

LXXVIII. The Greatneſs and Goodneſs of God to his People.

JEHOVAH reigns! his throne is high;
His robes are light and majeſty;
His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright,
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight.

His terrors keep the world in awe;
His juſtice guards his holy law;
His love reveals his ſmiling face;
His truth and promiſe ſeals the grace.

Through all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles Satan's deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt councils of his will.

And will Jehovah condeſcend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my ſongs with angels join;
Heaven's ſecure if God be mine.

LXXIX. The Glory of Chriſt.

NOW be my heart inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jeſus, the Lord! How heav'nly fair
His form! How bright his beauties are!

O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands;
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right;
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head;
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

LXXX. Christ's Obedience to the Law.

FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace;
I bless my Saviour's name;
He brought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

His dying groans, his living song,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts to rest:
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

LXXXI. Praise to Christ.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Near half so sweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak;

Then in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Our great Melchiſedeck.

Our Jeſus ſhall be ſtill our theme
While in this world we ſtay;
We'll ſing our Jeſu's lovely name
When all things elſe decay.
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And Chriſt ſhall be our ſong.

LXXXII. The Same.

O FOR a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's praiſe;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

Jeſus! the name that charms our fears;
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe;
'Tis muſic in the ſinners ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd ſin;
He ſets the pris'ners free:
His blood can make the fouleſt clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

May ſinners here to Jeſus come,
And learn his ſaving name;
Then will the blind, the deaf, the dumb,
With joy his praiſe proclaim.

With me their chief they then ſhall know,
Shall feel their ſins forgiv'n;

Anticipate their heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

LXXXIII. The Same. Rev. v. 12.

GLORY to God on high:
Let earth and ſkies reply,
Praiſe ye his name.
His love and grace adore,
Who all our ſorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

Jeſus, our Lord and God,
Bore ſin's tremendous load,
Praiſe ye his name.
Tell what his arm hath done,
What ſpoils from death he won,
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb.

While they around the throne
Chearfully join in one,
Praiſe ye his name.
Thoſe who have felt his blood,
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

Join all the ranſom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bleſs;
Praiſe ye his name.
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noiſe,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

What though we change our place,
Yet we ſhall never ceaſe
Praiſing his name.
To him our ſongs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceaſing ſing,
Worthy the Lamb.

Then let the hoſts above,
In realms of endleſs love,
Praiſe his dear name.
To him aſcribed be,
Honour and majeſty,
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb.

XXXIV. We love him becauſe he firſt loved us.

OF him who did ſalvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think and ſing;
Riſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Riſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All heav'n doth with thy triumph ring:
Thou conquer'ſt all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love.

To purge our ſins Chriſt ſhed his blood;
He died to bring us near to God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God ſuch love could ſhew.

LXXXV. Enjoyment of Chriſt.

LORD, what a heav'n of ſaving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face!
O light our paſſions to a flame!
Then ſhall we love thy charming name.

Then will a ſcene of ſacred joy
Our raptur'd eyes and ſouls employ;
Then ſhall we long to gaze away
A long and everlaſting day.

Send comforts, Lord, from thy right hand,
While we paſs through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us ſee
A glimpſe of love, a glimpſe of thee.

PART II.

HYMNS of PRAYER on different Occaſions.

LXXXVI. The Bleſſings of Prayer. 2 Theſſ. v. 17.

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The bleſſings God deſigns to give;
Long as they live ſhould Chriſtians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

The Chriſtian's heart his pray'r indites;
He ſpeaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Chriſt receives and gives it in.

And ſhall we dead in ſilence lie,
When Chriſt ſtands waiting for our pray'r?
My ſoul, thou haſt a friend on high,
Ariſe, and try thy int'reſt there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppreſs,
If cares diſtract, or fears diſmay,
If guilt deject, if ſin diſtreſs,
The remedy's before thee—pray.

Depend on Chriſt, thou canſt not fail;
Make all thy wants and wiſhes known;
Fear not, his merits muſt prevail;
Aſk what thou wilt, it ſhall be done.

LXXXVII. For the Spirit of Prayer, 1 Pet. iv. 12.

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
in this our evil day;
To all thy tempted follow'rs give
The pow'r to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials laſt;
Long as the croſs we bear,
O let our ſouls on thee be caſt
In never-ceaſing pray'r.

The Sp'rit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wreſtle till we ſee thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thine open face;
While faith in ſight is ſwallow'd up,
And pray'r in endleſs praiſe.

LXXXVIII. For the Graces of the Spirit, Eph. iii. 17.

JESU, bow thy willing ear;
Stoop to a poor ſinner's pray'r;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Hearken what my heart ſhall ſay;

Of the tree of life now give;
Bid my ſoul to eat and live.

Make me chaſte, and pure, and clean,
Write thy law of love within;
Let me know the hidden ſtone;
Be my treaſure and my crown:
Let the ſacred ſnowy veſt
Clothe me for the marriage feaſt.

Daniel's wiſdom let me know;
Stephen's faith and ſpirit too;
John's divine communion feel,
Moſes' meekneſs, Mary's zeal;
Let me, as unweary'd Paul,
Win the day, and conquer all.

LXXXIX. The Same. Rev. xxii. 17.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams ariſe;
Diſpel the darkneſs from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

Chear our deſponding hearts,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts the flames
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to Jeſu's blood;

And to our wond'ring view reveal
The ſecret love of God.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then ſhall we know, and praiſe, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

XC. In Tribulation. 1 Pet. i. 6.

JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my ſoul at laſt.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my truſt on thee is ſtaid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin;
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Riſe to all eternity.

XCI. Matth. xxi. 22.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-ſeat?
Yet, who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wiſhes to be often there?

Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob ſaw;
Gives exerciſe to faith and love;
Brings ev'ry bleſſing from above.

Reſtraining pray'r, we ceaſe to fight;
Pray'r makes the Chriſtian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he ſees
The weakeſt ſaint upon his knees.

Have you no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the ſad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath, thus vainly ſpent,
To heav'n in ſupplication ſent;
Your chearful ſong would oft'ner be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

XCII. For recovering Grace. Pſalm li.

O THOU that hear'ſt when ſinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
And form my ſoul averſe to ſin;

Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.

I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight:
Thy ſaving ſtrength, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

O may thy love inſpire my tongue!
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong:
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

XCIII. For the Spirit's Influence.
Pſalm cxix. 25.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal ſongs;
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate:
Our love ſo faint ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

XCIV. John xiv. 26.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, our hearts inſpire,
Let us thy influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghoſt, (for mov'd by thee
Thy holy prophets ſpoke)
Unlock the truth, thyſelf the key;
Unſeal the ſacred book.

Expand thy wings, prolific Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our diſorder'd ſpirits move,
And let there now be light.

God through himſelf we then ſhall know,
If thou within us ſhine,
And ſound, with all thy ſaints below,
The depths of love divine.

XCV. Pſalm xlii. 1.

GOOD Spirit, like a mighty wind,
Deſcend and fill this place;

Let ev'ry ſoul to God be join'd,
And feel an heav'nly peace.

Affect our hearts, unlooſe our tongues,
With thy Almighty grace;
And lengthen out our joyful ſongs
To everlaſting days.

Then will we publiſh and proclaim,
Through all the earth abroad,
The virtue of our Saviour's name,
The wonders of our God.

XCVI. Pſalm li. 10.

WHEN ſhall my frozen heart revive?
When ſhall my ſoul begin to live?
Fetter'd with ſin, with death oppreſs'd,
I pant to be in Jeſus bleſs'd.

Come, Breath of Life, inſpire my ſoul;
On me let ſtreams of mercy roll:
I know a tender glance from thee
Can ſet my burden'd ſpirit free.

Peter's experience tells me ſo,
Tells me what Jeſu's look can do:
The harden'd heart at once it turns;
The icy ſoul it melts and burns.

Lord, kindly reach this heart of mine:
I'd pant to be entirely thine;
To have thy Spirit rule in me,
And bring me into liberty.

XCVII. John xiv. 16.

WHY ſhould the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
reat Comforter, deſcend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

oft thou not dwell in all thy ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
hen wilt thou baniſh our complaints,
And ſhew our ſins forgiv'n?

ſſure each conſcience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood,
nd bear thy witneſs in each heart,
That it is born of God.

hou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
y thy bleſt wings, celeſtial Dove,
Safely convey us home!

XCVIII. John vi. 63.

OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Deſcending from above,
s waiting family inſpire.
With joy, and peace, and love.

ee, we the Comforter confeſs;
Unleſs thou'rt preſent here,
r ſongs of praiſe are vain addreſs,
We utter heartleſs pray'r.

Wake heav'nly wind, ariſe and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our ſpices then ſhall breath perfume,
And fragrant incenſe yield.

Touch with a living coal the lip
That ſhall proclaim thy word;
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

XCIX. For an Increaſe of ſacred Union. Cant. i. 7.

THOU Shepherd of Iſr'el, and mine,
The joy and deſire of my heart,
For cloſer communion I pine;
I long to reſide where thou art:
The paſture I languiſh to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy boſom reclin'd,
Are ſcreen'd from the heat of the day.

Ah! ſhew me that happieſt place,
That place of thy people's abode;
Where ſaints in an extaſy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy love for a ſinner declare,
Thy paſſion and death on the tree;
My ſpirit to Calvary bear,
To ſuffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to reſt,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or riſe to be hid in thy breaſt:

'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the clift of thy ſide,
Eternally held in thy heart.

C. Cant. v. 8.

O LOVE divine, how ſweet thou art!
When ſhall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee?
Athirſt, and faint, and long to prove
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of Chriſt to me.

God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In each poor ſtony heart!
For love I ſigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

O that I could forever ſit,
With Mary, at the Maſter's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliſs,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

My precious love do I require,
Nothing on earth ſo much deſire,
Nothing in heav'n above:
Tho' earth and heav'n, and all things go,
Give me thy precious love to know,
Give me thy precious love.

CI. Cant. i. 4.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height
Whose depth unfathom'd no man know
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose!
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there:
Then shall my soul from bondage free,
Rejoice to find repose in thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy All!
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love be all my choice.

CII. Luke xvii. 21.

TAKE my poor heart, just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne;
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

Compleat thy work and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that small still voice,
Which only whispers love:

Which teaches me what is thy will,
And tells me what to do,
Which covers me with ſhame, when I
Do not thy will purſue.

This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy ſoul reviving word!

CIII. Col. i. 11.

COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

Now to the God whoſe pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done,
By all the church, through Chriſt his Son!

CIV. For a Senſe of Pardon.

THY preſence, Saviour, may I feel;
Oh ſtamp me with thy Spirit's ſeal!
Lord, ſeal my pardon with thy blood,
And let me know I'm born of God.

One precious drop, Lord Jesus, grant;
Oh! for one precious drop I pant:
By faith apply thy healing blood,
That I may cry, My Lord, my God.

Sprinkle it on my conscience, Lord:
Oh! let me hear the pow'rful word
That rais'd the dead, and cheers the soul,
That makes the sin-sick sinner whole.

And when this mortal life is o'er,
And pain and sinning are no more,
Then shall I soar to realms above,
And triumph in redeeming love.

CV. Matth. xv. 27.

A POOR vile sinner, dearest Lord,
Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
Would humbly wait at mercy's door,
Where Christ relieves and feeds the poor.

When on my vileness I reflect,
I own thou might'st my suit reject;
And frowning say, "It is not meet
That dogs the children's bread should eat."

Yet, Lord, content of this my state,
To thee I fly, its not too late;
Though children's bread scarce worth I am,
Yet grant a poor vile dog a crumb.

Shall I despair, and perish? no!
Some crumb of mercy then bestow;
Then worthless, sinful, I will raise
My voice in humble joyful praise,

Then, let me, Lord, while here I ſtay,
With crumbs be fed from day to day;
And feed in heav'n, when I appear,
On children's bread forever there.

CVI. Chriſtian Fellowſhip. Iſa. xl. 11.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
Dear Lord, we fain would be;
Our helpleſs hearts to thee look up,
To thee our Shepherd flee.

Oh! might we lean upon that breaſt
Which love and pity fill;
And now become thoſe lambs careſt,
That in thy boſom dwell.

How ſweet that voice, how ſweet that hand,
Which leads to paſtures fair!
Shews Canaan's milk and honey land,
Provided by thy care!

As one in heart, we all rejoice,
The ſinner's Friend to praiſe:
The Shepherd dy'd; oh! 'tis his voice,
He'll us to glory raiſe.

CVII. The Same.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyſelf the Prince of peace,
Bid our jars forever ceaſe.

By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry ſtumbling-block remove;

Each to each unite, endear,
Come and ſpread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Shew how true believers live.

Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

CVIII. John xv. 17.

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly paſſions ceaſe,
O quench them with thy blood.

Now let thy love our hearts conſtrain,
Jeſus, the crucify'd;
What haſt thou done our hearts to gain?
Languiſh'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections riſe,
And harmoniſe the ſoul.

O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move;

And force the heathen world to ſay,
" See how theſe Chriſtians love!"

CIX. Pſalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

TRY us, O God, and ſearch the ground
Of ev'ry ſinful heart;
Whate'er of ſin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlaſting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's croſs to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little ſtock improve:
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive the ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the ſanctify'd.

CX. For a Revival amidſt the Years. Hab. iii. 2.

OH! for a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;

A light to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew
When firſt I ſaw the Lord?
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of Jeſus and his word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Meſſenger of reſt;
Revive thy work of grace within,
And re-poſſeſs my breaſt.

The deareſt idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only thee.

CXI. Matth. xxi. 44.

O THOU tender, loving Jeſus,
Now thy ſaving grace impart;
From the world and Satan ſave us,
Save us from our evil heart:
Throw thy arms of mercy open;
Bid, O bid us, Jeſus, come;
Let our flinty hearts be broken,
Falling on the Corner-ſtone.

Here forever let us centre,
Steady, though aſſail'd by ſin;

Forward may we boldly venture,
Till eternal life we win:
Baniſh ev'ry reas'ning ſcruple,
Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud;
All our hearts, O Jeſus, ſprinkle,
With thy cleanſing precious blood.

Arm us from thy heav'nly ſtorehouſe,
Still diſplay thy banner high;
March victorious on before us,
Make the world and Satan fly:
When thy meſſenger arraigns us,
To cloſe up our weary eyes,
In that needy hour ſuſtain us,
Till we graſp the heav'nly prize.

CXII. Comfort under Trials. Cant. ii. 14.

I HAVE a God, to whom I may
Reſort with freedom any day;
I'll ſeek him when I am in pain,
I'm ſure to hear from him again.

And when my ſoul ſhall underſtand
The comfort of his curing hand,
Then ſhall I ſing, O happy rod,
That brought me nearer to my God.

Lord, guide me in thy ſecret way;
With ſuch a guide I ſhall not ſtray;
Bring me into an heav'nly frame,
Unite my heart to fear thy name.

My Lord, my God, my heart ſhall praiſe
And glorify thee all my days;

Thy mercy to me doth excel;
I am a brand ſnatch'd out of hell.

CXIII. In Temptation.

JESUS, God of my ſalvation,
Send the promis'd help I claim,
Bring me through my ſore temptation;
Manifeſt thy ſaving name:
Lord, thou art the ſame forever;
Help me on thee to depend;
O continue to deliver,
Save me, ſave me to the end.

From thy feeble helpleſs creature,
Never, never, Lord, depart;
Shew thyſelf than Satan greater,
Greater than my evil heart:
If the fiend muſt vex me longer,
Buffet ſtill my trembling ſoul,
Jeſu, ſhew thyſelf the ſtronger,
Keep me till thou mak'ſt me whole.

Let me, while my faith is trying,
Reſt in thy atoning blood;
Always bear about the dying
Of my dear redeeming God.
Till I all thy life inherit,
Let me in thy wounds abide;
Shelter there my weary ſpirit;
Save me, who for me haſt dy'd.

CXIV. Chriſt the Shepherd.

JESU, great Shepherd of the ſheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in ſafety keep,
For oh! the wolf is nigh.

Do not ſuffer him to part
The ſouls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

Together let us ſweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a ſtarry crown receive,
And reign above the ſky.

Keep us till then in perfect peace,
And call us each to prove
An endleſs age of heav'nly bliſs,
An endleſs age of love.

CXV. Iſa. lxv. 1.

AND wilt thou yet be found?
And may I ſtill draw near?
Then liſten to the mournful ſound
Of a poor ſinner's pray'r.

Jeſu, thy aid afford,
For ſure the ſame thou art;
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord;
Oh eaſe a helpleſs heart!

Ah! what avails my ſtrife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou haſt the words of endleſs life,
Ah! whither ſhall I go?

Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be ſet free;
I fain would now obey thy call,
And give up all for thee.

My one deſire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To ſeek and taſte no other bliſs,
No other good below.

My life, my portion, thou,
Thou All-ſufficient art;
My hope, my heav'nly treaſure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

CXVI. John vi. 68.

I WAIT the viſits of thy grace,
My Saviour and my God;
O come, and ſhew thy ſmiling face,
And waſh me in thy blood.

Oh! whither can I go to get
A pardon for my ſin;
But only to my Saviour's feet,
And wait and call on him?

Oh! that I could but once by faith,
Behold him on the tree,
And ſee him languiſh there to death,
And ſhed his blood for me.

Oh! that I might but once be found
In that bleſt wedding-dreſs,
Which in my ears doth often ſound,
His blood and righteouſneſs.

'Tis this alone can give me eaſe,
And heal my wounded heart;
My Saviour's blood and righteouſneſs,
His ſufferings and ſmart.

CXVII. A Prayer againſt the Power of Sin.

O THAT my load of ſin were gone!
O that I could at laſt ſubmit,
At Jeſu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my ſoul at Jeſu's feet!

Come, Lord, the drooping ſinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
Appear, in my poor heart appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away.

One deep unto another cries,
My mis'ry, Lord, implores thy grace;
When wilt thou hear, and bow the ſkies?
When ſhall I ſee my Jeſu's face?

Anſwer thy death's deſign in me,
The guilt and pow'r of ſin remove;
Redeem from all iniquity;
Renew and fill my ſoul with love.

CXVIII. The Same. John xv. 5.

JESUS, my Saviour, Lord, I ſee
That I have daily need of thee;

Thy preſence ev'ry moment grant,
For thee I ev'ry moment want:
O keep me, Saviour, by thy ſide;
Direct my ſteps, and be my guide.

If I but ſpeak or think amiſs,
Or in the leaſt thy will tranſgreſs,
My fault, my tender Shepherd, ſhew,
And kindly tell me what to do:
Oh! never let me from thee ſtray,
Thou Light of Life, thou living Way.

My pray'rs, dear Lord, to make them good,
Sprinkle with thy atoning blood;
For all my ſighs, and ev'ry tear,
Through thee alone accepted are:
In thee alone I'd live and move,
And own no other pow'r but love.

CXIX. Bartimeus. Mark x. 46—52.

SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And loſt without thy grace,
Thy pity I implore,
And wait to ſee thy face;
Begging I ſit by the way ſide,
And long to ſee the crucify'd,

Jeſus, attend my cry,
Thou Son of David hear;
If now thou paſſeſt by,
Stand ſtill, and call me near;
The darkneſs from my heart remove,
And ſhew me now thy pard'ning love.

CXX. Seeking God's Favour.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taſte thy love divine.

My thirſty fainting ſoul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in deſert lands
Can pant for water more.

Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

For life without thy love
No reliſh can afford;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To know and ſerve the Lord.

CXXI. The Same. Pſalm lxv. 1.

THE praiſe of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praiſe becomes thy houſe;
There ſhall thy ſaints thy glory ſee,
And there perform their public vows.

O thou whoſe mercy bends the ſkies
To ſave, when humble ſinners pray;
All lands to thee ſhall lift their eyes,
And iſlands of the Northern ſea.

Againſt my will my ſins prevail,
But grace ſhall purge away their ſtain;
The blood of Chriſt will never fail
To waſh my garments white again.

Bleſt is the man whom thou ſhalt chuſe,
And give him kind acceſs to thee;
Give him a place within thy houſe,
To taſte thy love divinely free.

CXXII. Pſalm xvi. 1.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For ſuccour to thy throne I flee;
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodneſs canot reach to thee.

Oft have my heart and tongue confeſs'd,
How empty and how poor I am;
My praiſe can never make thee bleſs'd,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

Yet, Lord, I hope I love thy name,
And glad to praiſe thee here below;
Now join the follow'rs of the Lamb;
Theſe are the choiceſt friends I know.

Let others chuſe the ſons of mirth
To give a reliſh to their wine,
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whoſe thoughts and language are divine.

CXXIII. Hope of Victory. Pſalm xx. 1.

NOW may the God of pow'r and grace,
Attend his people's humble cry!

Jehovah hears when Iſr'el prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than ſhields or brazen walls;
He from his ſanctuary ſends
Succour and ſtrength when Zion calls.

Well he remembers all our ſighs,
His love exceeds our beſt deſerts;
His love accepts the ſacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

Now ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and ſtrong,
Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
And joy and triumph raiſe the ſong.

CXXIV. For quickening Grace.
Pſalm cxix. 25.

MY ſoul lies cleaving to the duſt;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain deſires, and ev'ry luſt,
Turn off theſe eyes of mine.

I need the influence of thy grace
To ſpeed me in thy way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet aſtray.

When ſore afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Thy word that I have reſted on,
Shall help my heavieſt hours.

Are not thy mercies ſov'reign ſtill,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Then ſhall I love thy goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the Lord.

CXXV. The Same.

LONG have I ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation, Lord;
But ſtill how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

Oft I frequent the holy place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

Great God! thy ſov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word ſucceſs:
Write thy ſalvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love ſhall never die.

CXXVI. The ſenſible Sinner's Plea.

I MOURN that I can mourn no more
For all my ſins which wound me ſore;
Whoſe colour is a crimſon dye,
And wrath deſerve eternally.

But, Lord, there's mercy ſtill in ſtore
For ſinners who are vile and poor:
Nothing I plead for what I've done,
Nothing but Jeſu's blood alone.

That blood which can remove my guilt;
That blood which my dear Saviour ſpilt;
That blood which cleanſes me within;
That blood which pardons all my ſin.

On the atonement of that blood,
The faith of our forefathers ſtood;
By which to bliſs they laid their claim;
And now they praiſe their Saviour's name.

Oh! may my faith on that be found
Firmer than anchors in the ground;
May I with them who went before
Unite in praiſes evermore.

CXXVII. Bleſſed Hope. Titus ii. 13.

IN this world of ſin and ſorrow,
Compaſs'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude deſpair:
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glaſs of faith we ſee;

O aſſiſt each faint endeavour;
Raiſe our earth-born ſouls to thee.

Place that awful ſcene before us,
Of the laſt tremendous day,
When to life thou ſhalt reſtore us.
Ling'ring ages, haſte away!
When this vile and ſinful nature
Incorruption ſhall put on;
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let thy gracious will be done.

CXXVIII. The Same.

O GOD, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home:

Under the ſhadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell ſecure;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carry'd downward by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

O God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,

Be thou our guard while life ſhall laſt,
And our perpetual home.

CXXIX. Cant. v. 10.

COME, O thou Univerſal Good!
Balm of the wounded conſcience, come;
The hungry dying ſpirit's food;
The weary wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the ſhipwreck'd in;
My everlaſting reſt from ſin.

Come, O my comfort and delight,
My ſtrength, and health, my ſhield and ſun
My boaſt, my confidence and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown,
My goſpel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradiſe.

CXXX. God all in all. Col. iii. 11.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

Thy ſhining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The ſmilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs:
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jeſus is.

Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

To thee my ſpirits fly
With infinite deſire:
And yet, how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jeſus raiſe me higher.

CXXXI. The Same.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jeſus, thou art all compaſſion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Viſit us with thy ſalvation;
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breaſt;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd reſt:
Take away the pow'r of ſinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Finiſh, then, thy new creation,
Pure, unſpotted may we be;
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation
Perfectly reſtor'd by thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place;
Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe.

CXXXII. Retirement.

DEAR God, permit me not to be
A ſtranger to myſelf and thee:
Amidſt a thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love.

Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth,
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth?
Why ſhould I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe;
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys reſign.

The earth with all her ſcenes withdrawn;
Let noiſe and vanity be-gone;
In ſecret ſilence of the mind
My heav'n, and there my God I find.

CXXXIII. Luke xviii. 13.

HEAR, gracious God, a ſinner cry
To thee; I've no where elſe to fly;

My hope, my only hope's in thee;
O God be merciful to me.

To thee I come, a ſinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door;
To thee; I've no where elſe to flee;
O God be merciful to me,

To thee I come, a ſinner weak,
And ſcarce know how to pray or ſpeak:
From fear and weakneſs ſet me free;
O God be merciful to me.

To thee I come, a ſinner vile,
Yet on me, Lord, vouchſafe to ſmile,
Mercy alone is all my plea;
O God be merciful to me.

To glory bring me, Lord, at laſt;
And there, when all my fears are paſt,
With all thy ſaints I'll then agree,
God has been merciful to me.

CXXXIV. Succeſs of the Goſpel.

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with bleſſings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.

Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful ſword,
And ride in majeſty to ſpread
The conqueſts of thy word.

Strike thro' thy ſtubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey,

While juſtice, meekneſs, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne ſhall ever ſtand;
And thy victorious goſpel proves
A ſceptre in thy hand.

CXXXV. Heb. iv. 2.

O FOR faith, for faith divine,
To truſt in Chriſt alone!
Faith, that makes the bleſſings mine,
The promiſes mine own;
Faith, to call the Saviour Lord;
Faith, to touch his bleeding ſide;
Faith, to feel his precious word
Now ſavingly apply'd.

Send the promis'd bleſſing down;
Now give thy word ſucceſs;
Let a Saviour's preſence crown
This ordinance with grace:
Comfort ev'ry mourning ſoul;
Set the captive pris'ner free;
Speak the loathſome leper whole;
And O remember me.

CXXXVI. Luke viii. 15.

FATHER, thy quick'ning Spirit ſend
From heav'n in Jeſu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our ſouls in frame.

May we receive the word as thine,
Each in an honeſt heart;
Hoard up the precious treaſure there,
And never with it part.

Bid thine alarming north wind wake;
Say to the ſouth wind, Blow:
Let ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

Revive the parch'd with heav'nly ſhow'rs,
The cold with warmth divine:
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

CXXXVII. Cant. iv. 12—16.

ZION's a garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

Like ſpicy trees believers ſtand,
Planted by an Almighty hand;
And all the ſprings in Zion flow
To make the rich plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, deſcend, and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

Make thou our ſpices flow abroad,
A grateful incenſe to our God;
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

CXXXVIII. Before Sermon.

FATHER, behold with gracious eyes;
The ſouls before thy throne;
Who now preſent their ſacrifice,
And ſeek thee in thy Son.

On me, on all, ſome gifts beſtow,
Some bleſſing now impart;
The ſeed of life eternal ſow
In ev'ry waiting heart.

Refreſh us with a heav'nly ſhow'r
Of graces from above;
Till all receive the heart-felt pow'r
Of everlaſting love.

O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant us this deſire;
For Jeſu's ſake the gift ſend down,
And anſwer us by fire.

Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heav'n aſcend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which ſhall in glory end.

CXXXIX. The Same.

VOUCHSAFE thine aid to ſpeak thy word
In this appointed hour;
Attend it with thy Spirit, Lord,
And let it come with pow'r.

Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make the Saviour room:
O let us find redemption near;
Let faith by hearing come.

Give them to hear the word as thine;
With meekneſs to receive;
To feel the ſaving pow'r divine
Which teaches to believe.

CXL. Gen. xxii. 5.

FAR from our thoughts vain world be-gone
Let our religious hours alone;
O may our eyes our Saviour ſee!
We wait a viſit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure deſire,
Come, our dear Jeſus, from above,
And feed our ſouls with heav'nly love.

Bleſt Jeſus, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thy entertainments are;
Never did angels taſte above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt one,
That eyes have ſeen or angels known!

CXLI. Mark ii. 27.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a bleſſing ſeek
On this holy Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the beſt;
Emblem of eternal reſt!

While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Shew thy reconciled face,
Shine away our ſin and ſhame;
From our worldly cares ſet free;
May we reſt this day in thee.

Here we're come thy name to praiſe;
Let us feel thy preſence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy houſe appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taſte
Of our everlaſting feaſt.

May thy goſpel's joyful ſound
Conquer ſinners, comfort ſaints;
May the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

CXLII. Gen. xxviii. 17.

WE come, great God, to ſeek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindneſs wait;
And oh! how awful is this place;
'Tis God's own houſe, 'tis heaven's gate!

Thee, king of nations we proclaim;
Who would not our great Sov'reign fear!

We wait t'experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.

O may thy preſence with us ſtay,
And all our ſouls with pleaſure fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out our way,
And bring us to thy holy hill.

There let us all with Jeſus ſtand,
And join the gen'ral church above;
And take our ſeats at thy right hand,
And ſing thy everlaſting love.

CXLIII. Gen. xxxii. 26.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on thee our ſouls depend;
In compaſſion now deſcend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
Lord, we cannot let thee go,
'Till a bleſſing thou beſtow;
Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;

Thoſe that are caſt down lift up;
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope;
Grant that thoſe who ſeek may find
Thee a God ſincere and kind:
Heal the ſick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

CXLIV. The Same.

BELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy croſs's train,
In mercy to our aid deſcend,
Or elſe we worſhip thee in vain.

In vain we meet to ſing and pray,
If Chriſt his influence with-hold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.

Here manifeſt thyſelf in peace;
Thy faithful mercies now make known:
Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And ſend the cheering bleſſing down.

We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know thee as thou art;
We bow as ſinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

CXLV. 1 Cor. iii. 22.

HAPPY ſoul! that hears and follows
Jeſus ſpeaking in his word;
Paul and Cephas, and Apollos,
All are his in Chriſt the Lord:

Ev'ry ſtate, howe'er diſtreſſing,
Shall be profit in the end;
Ev'ry ordinance a bleſſing,
Ev'ry providence a friend.

Chriſtian, doſt thou want a teacher,
Helper, counſellor, or guide?
Would'ſt thou find a proper preacher?
Aſk thy God, and he'll provide.
Build on no man's parts or merit,
But behold the goſpel plan;
Jeſus ſends his Holy Spirit,
And the Spirit ſends the man.

Bleſs, dear Lord, each lab'ring ſervant;
Bleſs the work they undertake;
Make them able, faithful, fervent;
Bleſs them for thy churches ſake.
All things for our good are giv'n,
Comforts, croſſes, ſtaffs, or rods;
All is ours in earth and heav'n,
We are Chriſt's, and Chriſt is God's.

CXLVI. Lord's Day Morning.

GREAT God, this ſacred day of thine
Demands our ſoul's collected pow'rs;
May we employ in work divine
Theſe ſolemn, theſe devoted hours!
O may our ſouls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly;
Where God reſides appear no more:

Omniſcient God, thy piercing eye
Can ev'ry ſecret thought explore:
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

Thy Spirit's pow'rful aid impart;
O may thy word with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart!
Then ſhall the day indeed be thine:
Then ſhall our ſouls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

CXLVII. Prayer for Miniſters.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy choſen ſheep,
From death and ſin ſet free;
May ev'ry under ſhepherd keep
His eye intent on thee.

With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will;
Compaſſion, patience, love and care,
And faithfulneſs and ſkill.

Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And let them live, and let them feel
The ſacred truths they preach.

Oh! never let the ſheep complain
That toys which fools amuſe,
Ambition, pleaſure, praiſe, or gain,
Debaſe the ſhepherd's views.

May they the faithful word declare,
And God himſelf make known

His approbation of the ſame,
And all their labours own.

CXLVIII. The Same.

COME, thou ſoul-transforming Spirit,
Bleſs the ſower and the ſeed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raiſe the weak, the hungry feed.
From the goſpel
Now ſupply thy people's need.

O may all enjoy the bleſſing
Which thy word's deſign'd to give!
Let us all, thy love poſſeſſing,
Joyfully the truth receive.
And for ever
To thy praiſe and glory live.

CXLIX. Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin ſpreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And ſcatters ſlaughter'd heaps around.

Thy miniſters are ſent in vain
To propheſy upon the ſlain:
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.

But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life ſpreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

So when thy trumpet's awful ſound
Shall ſhake the heav'ns and rend the ground,
Dead ſaints ſhall from their tombs ariſe,
And ſpring to life beyond the ſkies.

CL. Luke v. 5.

NOW while the goſpel-net is caſt,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own:
From num'rous diſappointments paſt,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

May this be a much favour'd hour
To ſouls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with ſov'reign pow'r
To break the rocks, and raiſe the dead!

To mourners ſpeak a chearing word;
On ſeeking ſouls vouchſafe to ſhine;
Let poor backſliders be reſtor'd,
And all thy ſaints in praiſes join.

O hear our pray'r, and give us hope,
That when thy voice ſhall call us home,
Thou ſtill wilt raiſe a people up
To love and praiſe thee in our room.

CLI. Matth. xxii. 4.

DEAREST Saviour, help thy ſervant
To proclaim thy wond'rous love:
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bleſs, O bleſs them,
From thy ſhining courts above.

Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the goſpel-feaſt:
Let thy Spirit ſweetly draw them;
Every ſoul be Jeſu's gueſt!
O receive us;
Let us find thy promis'd reſt.

CLII. The Same.

THY preſence, gracious God, afford
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
And crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

To us thy ſacred word apply,
With ſov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
And crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy ſaving pow'r and love diſplay,
And guide us to the realms of day:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
And crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

CLIII. Matth. xviii. 20.

WHERE two or three, with ſweet acco
Obedient to their ſov'reign Lord,

eet to recount his acts of grace,
nd offer ſolemn pray'r and praiſe:

There," ſays the Saviour, " will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my ſmiling face,
And ſhed my glories round the place."

e meet at thy command, dear Lord,
elying on thy faithful word:
ow ſend thy Spirit from above;
ow fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

LIV. Thy Kingdom come. Mat. iv. 10.

ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And ſpread thy glories all abroad;
t thine own arm ſalvation bring,
nd be thou known the gracious God.

t millions bow before thy ſeat;
t humble mourners ſeek thy face;
ing daring rebels to thy feet,
ubdu'd by thy victorious grace.

let the kingdoms of the world
come the kingdoms of the Lord:
t ſaints and angels praiſe thy name;
thou through heav'n and earth ador'd.

CLV. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

N vain Apollos' ſilver tongue,
And Paul's, with ſtrains profound,
ſuſe among the liſt'ning throng,
e goſpel's gladd'ning ſound:

Jeſus, the work is wholly thine
To form the heart anew,
Now let thy ſov'reign grace divine
Each ſtubborn ſoul ſubdue.

To this great end, direct thy word
To ſuit each ſinner's caſe;
And as we have thy bleſſing, Lord,
To thee be all the praiſe.

CLVI. Pray for us. 2 Theſſ. iii. 1.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earneſt pray'r:
We plead for thoſe who plead for thee,
Succeſsful pleaders may they be.

How great their work, how vaſt their charge
Do thou their anxious ſouls enlarge:
Their beſt acquirements are our gain;
We ſhare the bleſſings they obtain.

Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let thoſe words be thine:
To them thy ſacred truth reveal;
Suppreſs their fear, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to ſow the precious ſeed:
Teach them thy choſen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal ſouls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful ſound;
In humble ſtrains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

CLVII. The Same.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories ſhine.

But, Lord, thy greater love has ſent
Thy goſpel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich ſtores of grace
Are treaſur'd in thy mind.

Lord, when ſhall theſe glad tidings ſpread
The ſpacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry ſoul
Shall hear the joyful ſound?

O when ſhall Afric's ſable ſons
Enjoy the heav'nly word;
And vaſſals long enſlav'd become
The freemen of the Lord?

Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To ſpread the goſpel's rays,
And build on Sin's demoliſh'd throne
The temples of thy praiſe!

CLVIII. The Same.

WITH heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His perſon bleſs, his ſoul ſecure,
And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all-ſufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace:
Thy truth and faithfulneſs fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

Before him thy protection ſend;
O love him, ſave him to the end!
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty pow'r exert:
That thouſands yet unborn may praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

CLIX. Iſa. lxii. 6.

LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

'Tis not a cauſe of ſmall import
The paſtor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

They watch for ſouls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliſs forego;
For ſouls which muſt forever live
In raptures or in woe.

All to the great tribunal haſte,
Th' account to render there:
And ſhouldſt thou ſtrictly mark our faults,
Lord, where ſhould we appear?

May they that Jeſus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer ſee!
And watch thou daily o'er their ſouls,
That they may watch for thee.

CLX. For Chriſt's Preſence.

JESUS, attend, thy ſelf reveal;
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midſt we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the ſpreading flame.

Thou God who anſwereſt by fire,
Thy ſacred Spirit now impart,
And let the flames of pure deſire
Riſe from the altar of each heart.

Truly our fellowſhip below
With thee, and with thy Father is;
In thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliſs.

In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;
Then ſhall thy ſaints behold thee near,
And ev'ry ſoul be loſt in love.

CLXI. The Same.

HOW happy were the brethren when
They all one mind enjoy'd!
One faith in the Redeemer ſlain,
For whom were all employ'd.

Their enemies their walk beheld,
Their bliſs did heathens move,

Who well confeſs'd, with wonder fill'd,
" See how theſe Chriſtians love,"

O that our Saviour would reſtore
Such golden days again;
Give back the ancient peace and pow'r;
Thy kingdom bring and reign.

When thou our fellowſhip ſhall bleſs
With bleſſings, Lord, like theſe,
Our hearts ſhall flow with thankfulneſs,
And gratitude and praiſe.

CLXII. Run without Wearineſs.

JESU, thy boundleſs love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine only, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my conſtant flame.

Unweary'd may I ſtill purſue;
Dauntleſs to the high prize aſpire;
Hourly within my breaſt renew
This holy flame, this heav'nly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this ſacred treaſure there.

In ſuff'ring be thy love my peace;
In weakneſs be thy love my pow'r;
And when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſu, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt dy'd.

CLXIII. Titus i. 9.

JESU, the ever-faithful word
Thy gracious lips hath paſt,
And, truſting in my faithful Lord,
I ſhall be ſav'd at laſt.

Whate'er I aſk, with longing heart,
Expecting to receive,
Almighty God, thou ready art,
And promiſeſt to give.

I aſk the gift of righteouſneſs,
The ſin-ſubduing pow'r,
Pow'r to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

I aſk the blood-bought pardon ſeal'd,
The liberty from ſin,
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fixt within.

CLXIV. For the Spirit of Prayer.

O THOU Father of compaſſions,
O thou God of mercies, hear,
Send the Spirit of ſupplications,
Send the gracious Comforter:
Have reſpect to Jeſu's merit,
To thy church the gift impart;
Send him now, the pleading Spirit
Pour into thy people's heart.

Send our long-deſir'd Meſſias,
Us to teach thy perfect way;

Faithful, fervent as Elias,
Let us in the Spirit pray:
Let the pow'r to us be given,
(Weak and helpleſs as we are)
Pow'r to ſhut and open heaven,
All th' omnipotence of pray'r.

CLXV. Peace reſtored.

OH ſpeak that gracious word again,
And chear my drooping heart!
No voice but thine can ſooth my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

And canſt thou ſtill vouchſafe to own
A wretch ſo vile as I?
And may I ſtill approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry!

Oh! then let ſaints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that heal'd a breach like mine,
And put my foes to ſhame!

Dear Lord, I wonder and adore,
Thy grace is all divine;
Oh keep me, that I ſin no more
Againſt ſuch love as thine.

CLXVI. Create in me a clean Heart.

O FOR an heart to praiſe my God,
An heart from ſin ſet free,
An heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely ſpilt for me!

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

CLXVII. The Same.

LORD, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid and inly dead:
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin:
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid!
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the church's Head!
Jesus, thou art all pity,
Oh take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy
To save us from all harms.

CLXVIII. Adoring free Mercy.

O LORD, how great's the favour!
That we, ſuch ſinners poor,
Can through thy blood's ſweet ſavour
Approach thy mercy's door;
And find an open paſſage
Unto the throne of grace,
There wait the welcome meſſage
That bids us go in peace.

We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs complaints,
But ever be entreating
The glorious King of ſaints:
Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love;
And pay our grateful homage
With all the ſaints above.

Then we with all in glory
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing pleaſing ſtory
Of Jeſu's love ſo great:
In this bleſt contemplation
May we forever dwell,
And ſhare ſuch conſolation
As none below can tell.

CLXIX. Try me and prove me.

SEARCHER of hearts, in ours appear,
Now make and keep them all ſincere;

Or draw us burden'd to thy Son,
Or make him to his mourners known.

Thy promis'd grace vouchsafe to give,
As each is able to receive;
The bleſſed grief to all impart,
Or joy, or purity of heart.

Our helpleſs unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy pard'ning love;
Work in us faith, or faith's increaſe;
The dawning, or the perfect peace.

Give each to thee as ſeemeth beſt;
But meet us all at thy own feaſt:
Thy bleſſings in the means convey,
Nor empty ſend one ſoul away.

CLXX. In Temptation.

THE billows ſwell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcaſt my wintry ſky;
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my ſtrength is ſmall.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the ſtorm;
Defend me from each threatning ill,
Controul the waves, ſay, "Peace, be ſtill."

Dangers of ev'ry ſhape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful ſhore,
And leave it to return no more.

Tho' tempeſt-toſs'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I ſeek;

Let neither winds nor ſtormy main,
Force back my ſhatter'd bark again.

CLXXI. The Same.

GOD of my life to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great watter-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendleſs, and the faint!
Where ſhould I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whoſe open door,
Invites the helpleſs and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuſe that mourner's plea?
Does not the word ſtill fix'd remain,
That none ſhall ſeek thy face in vain?

Poor though I am, deſpis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is ſafe, and muſt ſucceed,
For whom the Lord vouchſafes to plead.

CLXXII. The Same. Pſalm xxxi. 16

ENCOURAG'D by thy gracious word,
Thy ſervant cries to thee, O Lord:
'Twas David's pray'r, and now 'tis mine,
Upon me make thy face to ſhine.

Let me, thy poor weak ſervant, claim
An int'reſt in thy glorious name:
My Father, Maſter, all divine,
Upon me make thy face to ſhine.

Through all my pilgrimage below,
My gracious preſence, Lord, beſtow;
No ſoul can need it more than mine,
Upon me make thy face to ſhine.

But when I reach my bliſsful home,
Where fear and darkneſs never come,
In realms all glorious and divine,
Thou wilt on me forever ſhine.

CLXXIII. Deſertion. Pſalm civ. 29.

THE Saviour hides his face!
My ſpirit thirſts to prove
Renew'd ſupplies of pard'ning grace,
And never-fading love.

The favour'd ſouls who know
What glories ſhine in him,
Pant for his preſence, as the roe
Pants for the living ſtream!

What trifles teaze me now!
They ſwarm like ſummer flies;
They cleave to ev'ry thing I do,
And ſwim before my eyes.

How dull the Sabbath day
Without the Sabbath's Lord!
How toilſome then to ſing and pray,
And wait upon the word!

Though I am but a worm,
Unworthy of thy care,
Yet now my ſoul's deſire perform,
And grant me all my pray'r.

CLXXIV. Self-acquaintance.

DEAR Lord, accept a ſinful heart,
Which of itſelf complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent ſmart,
The evil it contains.

There fiery ſeeds of anger lurk,
Which often hurts my frame;
And wait but for the tempter's work
To fan them to a flame.

Legality holds out a bribe
To purchaſe life from thee;
And diſcontent would fain preſcribe
How thou ſhalt deal with me.

How eager are my thoughts to roam
In queſt of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!

Oh, cleanſe me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy pow'r,
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

CLXXV. Barenneſs lamented.

'TIS a ſtrange myſterious life
I live from day to day;
Light and darkneſs, peace and ſtrife,
Bear an alternate ſway:
When I think the battle won,
I have to fight it o'er again;

When I ſay I'm overthrown,
Relief I ſoon obtain.

Often at the mercy-ſeat
While calling on thy name,
Swarms of evil thoughts I meet,
Which fill my ſoul with ſhame.
Agitated in my mind,
Like a feather in the air;
Can I thus a bleſſing find?
My ſoul, can this be pray'r?

But when Chriſt, my Lord and Friend,
Is pleas'd to ſhew his pow'r;
All at once my troubles end,
And I've a golden hour:
Then I ſee his ſmiling face,
Feel the pledge of joys to come;
Often, Lord, repeat this grace,
Till thou ſhalt call me home.

CLXXVI. Submiſſion.

O LORD, my beſt deſire fulfil,
And help me to reſign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleaſure mine.

Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy command,
Whoſe love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to thee;

Who never haſt a good with-held,
Or wilt with-hold from me.

Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What elſe I want, or think I do,
'Tis better ſtill to want.

CLXXVII. The Same.

LORD, who haſt ſuffer'd all for me,
My peace and pardon to procure;
The lighter croſs I bear for thee,
Help me with patience to endure.

The ſtorm of loud repining huſh;
I would in humble ſilence mourn;
Why ſhould th' unburnt, though burning buſh
Be angry as the crackling thorn?

Perhaps ſome golden wedge ſuppreſs'd,
Some ſecret ſin offends my God;
Perhaps that Babyloniſh veſt
Self-righteouſneſs, provokes the rod.

Ah! were I buffetted all day,
Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and ſpit upon
I yet ſhould have no right to ſay,
My great diſtreſs is mine alone.

Let me not angrily declare,
No pain was ever ſharp like mine;
Nor murmur at the croſs I bear,
But rather weep, rememb'ring thine.

CLXXVIII. Hope in the ſure Mercies of Chriſt.

THOUGH ſore beſet with guilt and fear,
I cannot, dare not quite deſpair;
If I muſt periſh, would the Lord
Have taught my heart to love his word?
Would he have giv'n me eyes to ſee
My danger and my remedy,
Reveal'd his name, and bid me pray,
Were I to be a caſt away?

No—though caſt down I am not ſlain;
I fall, but I ſhall riſe again;
The preſent, Satan, is thy hour,
But Jeſus ſhall control thy pow'r:
His love will plead for my relief;
He hears my groans, he ſees my grief;
Nor will he ſuffer thee to boaſt,
A ſoul that ſought his help was loſt.

I'll caſt myſelf before his feet;
I ſee him on his mercy-ſeat;
('Tis ſprinkled with atoning blood)
There ſinners find acceſs to God:
Ye burden'd ſouls approach with me,
And make the Saviour's name your plea;
Jeſus will pardon all who come,
And ſtrike our fierce accuſer dumb.

CLXXIX. Prayer anſwered by Croſſes.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;

Might more of his ſalvation know,
And ſeek more earneſtly his face.

I hop'd that in ſome favour'd hour,
At once he'd anſwer my requeſt;
And by his love's conſtraining pow'r
Subdue my ſins, and give me reſt.

Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Aſſault my ſoul in ev'ry part.

Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd;
Wilt thou purſue thy worm to death?
"'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
"I anſwer pray'r for grace and faith.

Theſe inward trials I employ,
From ſelf and pride to ſet thee free;
And break thy ſchemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'ſt find thy all in me."

CLXXX. The convinced Sinner.

O That I could caſt all my load
Of guilt, and grief, and care,
Upon the ſin-atoning God
Who did my burden bear.

O that my mind on him reclin'd,
Till all theſe ſtorms are o'er;
Might his abiding comfort find,
And diſbelieve no more.

Pity my grief, and look relief;
The worſt of ſinners ſpare;
Thou Saviour of the dying thief,
Regard my lateſt pray'r.

Regard thine own, repeat, 'Tis done!
Declare my ſins forgiv'n,
And ranſom'd by thy dying groan,
Receive my ſoul to heav'n.

CLXXXI. The Same.

O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this ſeparating wall
That bars me from thy love.

Give me the preſence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy righteouſneſs,
And make thy praiſe my ſong.

No blood of goats, nor heifer ſlain,
For ſin could e'er atone;
The death of Chriſt ſhall ſtill remain
Sufficient and alone.

PART III.

HYMNS ſuited to the DOCTRINE of the Goſpel.

LXXXII. The Almighty. Deut. vi, 4.

ETERNAL God! Almighty Cauſe
Of earth and ſeas, and worlds unknown
All things are ſubject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

Thy glorious being ſingly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt;
Control'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyſelf alone art bleſt.

To thee alone ourſelves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we diſavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their ſway.

Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Rduce the world to thy command,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

CLXXXIII. The Omnipotence of God. Pſalm cxxxv. 5, 6.

YE ſervants of your God, his fame
In ſongs of higheſt praiſe proclaim:
Ye, who on his commands intent,
The courts of Iſrael's Lord frequent.

Thy greatneſs, Lord, my thoughts atteſt,
With awful gratitude impreſs'd,
Nor know, among the ſeats divine,
A power that ſhall contend with thine.

O Thou, whoſe all-diſpoſing ſway,
The heavens, the earth, and ſeas obey;
Whoſe might through all extent extends,
Sinks through all depth, all height tranſcends:

Him praiſe, the everlaſting King,
And mercy's unexhauſted ſpring:
Haſte, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can chear!

CLXXXIV. The Omnipreſence of God. Pſalm cxxxix. 7—12.

LORD, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell, they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven, thy glorious throne.

Should we ſuppreſs our vital breath,
To 'ſcape the wrath divine,

Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave reſign.

If wing'd with beams of morning light,
We fly beyond the Weſt,
Thy hand, which muſt ſupport our flight,
Would ſoon betray our reſt.

If o'er our ſins we think to draw
The curtains of the night;
Thoſe flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the ſhades to light.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may we ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which we cannot flee.

CLXXXV. The Omniſcience of God.

2 Chron. xvi. 9.

IN all our vaſt concerns with thee,
In vain our ſouls would try
To ſhun thy preſence, Lord, or flee.
The notice of thine eye.

Thy all-ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
Our riſing and our reſt;
Our public walks, our private ways,
And ſecrets of our breaſt.

Our thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere our lips pronounce the word,
He knows the ſenſe we mean.

O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms we lie,
Beſet on ev'ry ſide.

So let thy grace ſurround us ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove;
To guard our ſouls from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love.

CLXXXVI. Sovereignty. Iſa. xlvi. 9, 10.

KEEP ſilence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
My ſoul ſtands trembling, while ſhe ſings
The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With ev'ry angel's form and ſize,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counſels ſhine;
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry ſtroke
Fulfils ſome deep deſign.

In thy fare book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in ſome humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

CLXXXVII. The Same.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd,
He governs with a nod.

Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought;
All the long years, and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

There's not a sparrow or a worm
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne
And sinks them as he please.

If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays,
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

When he reveals the book of life,
Oh! may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The follow'rs of the Lamb.

CLXXXVIII. The Goodness of God. Nah. i. 7.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ranſom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodneſs known
In its diviner forms.

To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A ſafe defence, a peaceful home,
When ſtorms of trouble riſe.

CLXXXIX. The Same.

FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands thro' the ſkies.

Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ,
They ſhew the labour of thine hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.

But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where veng'ance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms;

Our thoughts are loſt in rev'rend awe;
We love and we adore;
The firſt arch-angel never ſaw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dare a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

CXC. The Same.

UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlaſting praiſes fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

He that can ſhake the worlds he made,
And cruſh them with his mighty rod,
His goodneſs, how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending God!

Our ſorrows and our tears we pour
Into the boſom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

Oh! could our thankful hearts deviſe
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden harps thy praiſe.

CXCI. The Trinity.

HAIL holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee,
Supreme, eſſential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three.

Inthron'd in everlaſting ſtate,
Ere time its round began,

Who join'd in counſel to create
The dignity of man.

All that the name that creatures own,
To thee in hymns aſpire;
May we as angels round the throne,
Forever join the choir.

Hail holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential One ador'd!
In co-eternal Three.

CXCII. The Same.

LIVE, our great God on high!
Eternally ador'd!
Who gave his Son to die;
Our dear redeeming Lord
He from his throne and boſom gave,
A world, a ſinful world to ſave.

Worſhip, and praiſe, and pow'r,
Aſcribe we to the Lamb;
His bleeding wounds adore,
And love his ſacred name:
Jeſus! the name to ſinners giv'n,
The name that lifts us up to heav'n.

That bleſſed Spirit praiſe,
Who ſhews th' atoning blood;
Applies the Saviour's grace,
And ſeals the ſons of God:
Spirit of grace and glory too,
He claims eternal praiſe his due.

We with our friends above,
When time and death ſhall end,
In extacies of love
An heavenly life ſhall ſpend;
Spend in the great Jehovah's praiſe
An age of everlaſting days.

CXCIII. The Same.

BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

We give the ſacred Spirit praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and woe,
Makes living ſtreams of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That Sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a ſhore.

CXCIV. The Same.

WE give immortal praiſe
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:

He ſent his own eternal Son,
To die for ſins that we had done:

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlaſting woe,
And now in heav'n he lives and reigns,
And ſees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worſhip give,
Whoſe new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead ſinner live:
His work compleats the great deſign,
And fills the ſoul with joy divine.

Almighty God! to thee
Be endleſs honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the myſterious One!
Where reaſon fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

CXCV. The Same.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his free love derive
The ground of all their ſongs.

Ye ſaints, employ your breath
In honour of the Son,
Who bought your ſouls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

Give to the Spirit praiſe
Of an immortal ſtrain,
Whoſe light and pow'r, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

CXCVI. Chriſt's Incarnation.

AWAKE, awake the ſacred ſong
To our incarnate Lord;
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

That awful Word, that ſov'reign Pow'r,
By whom the worlds were made;
(Oh happy morn! illuſtr'ous hour)
Was once in fleſh array'd.

Adoring angels tun'd their ſongs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their greatful worſhip pay.

What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we ſing as angels do,
Our higheſt praiſe were poor.

CXCVII. The Same.

JESUS, all praiſe is due to thee,
That thou waſt pleas'd a man to be!
A virgin's womb thou didſt not ſcorn,
And angels ſhout to ſee thee born.

The bleſſed Father's only Son
Chuſeth a manger for his throne;

nd tho' the high and mighty God,
ſſumes our feeble fleſh and blood.

Whom earth could not contain, nor ſkies,
n low eſtate the Saviour lies!
nd who the worlds foundation laid,
s now a little infant made!

The Father's brightneſs comes in ſight,
ives to the world its ſaving light;
nd drives the clouds of ſin away,
o make us children of the day.

The Son, th' Almighty God confeſs'd,
n his own world became a gueſt;
nd open'd through himſelf, the Way,
passage to eternal day.

CXCVIII. Lo! I come.

HARK! the glad ſound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.

On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

He comes the priſ'ners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt;
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;

And with the riches of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hoſannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heav'ns eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

CXCIX. Luke ii. 9—15.

ALL glory to God, and peace upon earth
Be publiſh'd abroad at Jeſus's birth;
The forfeited favour of heav'n we find
Reſtor'd in the Saviour and Friend of mankind.

Then let us behold Meſſias the Lord,
By prophets foretold, by angels ador'd;
Our God's incarnation with angels proclaim,
And publiſh ſalvation in Jeſus's name.

Immanuel's love let ſinners confeſs,
Who comes from above to bring us his peace:
Let ev'ry believer his mercy adore,
And praiſe him for ever, when time is no more.

CC. The Same.

REJOICE in Jeſu's birth;
To us a Son is giv'n,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heav'n!

His ſhoulder props the ſky!
This univerſe ſuſtains!
The God ſupreme! the Lord moſt high!
The King Meſſiah reigns!

Our counſellor we praiſe,
Our advocate above,
Who daily in his church diſplays
His miracles of love.

Th' Almighty God is he,
Author of heav'nly bliſs;
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

His government ſhall grow,
From ſtrength to ſtrength proceed,
His righteouſneſs the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erſpread.

His preſence ſhall increaſe
The happineſs above,
The full progreſſive happineſs
Of everlaſting love.

CCI. The Divinity of Chriſt. Phil. ii. 6.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our ſpirits bow before thy ſeat:
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worſhip at thine awful feet.

A thouſand ſeraphs ſtrong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongſt the ſons of light
Pretends compariſon with thee?

Yet there is one of human frame,
Jeſus, array'd in fleſh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

Their glory ſhines with equal beams,
Their eſſence is forever One;
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

Then let the name of Chriſt our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praiſe let ev'ry angel ſing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

CCII. The Same.

ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroa
From everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

By his own pow'r all things were made;
By him ſupported, all things ſtand,
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his face the Godhead ſhone!

Bright angels leave their high abode,
To learn new myſt'ries here to tell;
The love of our deſcending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

CCIII. Col. iii. 21.

SINNERS, who have believ'd thro' grace,
Altho' the vileſt of the race,

this they'll join both great and ſmall,
That Jeſus Chriſt is all in all.

The Greek, the Jew, or ſuch as we,
Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free;
Here find no ſeparating wall,
For Jeſus Chriſt is all in all.

Who can his utmoſt glory tell?
He ſaves from ſin, from death, from hell;
Well may we ſay with holy Paul,
That Jeſus Chriſt is all in all.

In heav'n this truth will be beſt known,
When we ſurround his glorious throne;
And with adoring armies fall,
And ſing our Jeſus all in all.

Offices of Christ.

CCIV. Prophetic Office. Acts iii. 22.

JESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, thou!
O let me catch th' immortal flame
With which angelic boſoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love
And imitate the bleſs'd above.

My Prophet thou, my heav'nly Guide;
Thy ſweet inſtructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely ſweet they are!
Thee my great Prophet I would love,
And imitate the bleſs'd above.

CCV. Prieſtly Office of Chriſt. Heb. ix,

A GOOD high Prieſt is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Diſpenſing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's prieſthood came,
But grace and truth by Jeſu's name.

My Lord a Prieſt is made,
As ſware the mighty God,
To Iſra'l and his ſeed,
Ordain'd to offer blood,
For ſinners who his mercy ſeek;
A Prieſt, as was Melchizedeck.

He once temptation knew,
Of ev'ry ſort and kind,
That he might ſuccour ſhew
To ev'ry tempted mind;
In ev'ry point the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

I other prieſts diſclaim,
And laws and off'rings too;
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do:
He ſhall have all the praiſe, for he
Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd for me.

CCVI. Lev. viii. 7, 8, 9.

SEE Aaron, God's anointed prieſt,
Within the veil appear,

n robes of myſtic meaning dreſt,
Preſenting Iſra'l's pray'r.

Thro' him the eye of faith deſcries
A greater Prieſt than he;
Thus Jeſus pleads above the ſkies,
For you, my friends, and me.

He bears the names of all his ſaints
Deep on his heart engrav'd;
Attentive to the ſtate and wants
Of all his love has ſav'd.

n him a holineſs compleat,
Light and perfections ſhine;
nd wiſdom, grace, and glory meet;
A Saviour all divine.

he blood, which as a Prieſt he bears
For ſinners, is his own;
he incenſe of his pray'rs and tears
Perfume the holy throne.

him my weary ſoul has reſt,
Tho' I am weak and vile;
ead my name upon his breaſt,
And ſee the Father ſmile.

CCVII. Kingly Office of Chriſt.

Rev. xvii. 14.

OME ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
e Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright thoſe glories ſhine.

Infinite pow'r, and boundleſs grace,
In him unite their rays:
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praiſe?

When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wiſh like them to ſing.

O happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth ſhall raiſe,
With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praiſe.

CCVIII. Rev. xix. 12.

ALL hail the pow'r of Jeſu's name!
Let angels proſtrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jeſſe's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye choſen ſeed of Iſra'ls race,
A remnant weak and ſmall;
Hail him who ſaves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terreſtrial ball,
To him all majeſty aſcribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder ſacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlaſting ſong,
And crown him Lord of all.

CCIX. Death of Chriſt, or Sacramental Hymns.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die!
Would he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

Thy body ſlain, ſweet Jeſus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious ſuff'rer ſtood.

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in;
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's ſin.

CCX. Iſa. lxiii. 1.

WHO is this that comes from far,
Clad in garments dipt in blood?

Strong triumphant traveller!
Is he man? or is he God?

I that ſpeak in righteouſneſs;
Son of God and Man I am!
Mighty to redeem your race:
Jeſus is our Saviour's name!

Wherefore are thy garments red,
Dy'd as in a crimſon ſea?
They that in the wine-fat tread
Are not ſtain'd ſo much as thee!

I, the Father's fav'rite Son,
Have the dreadful wine-preſs trod,
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
All the fierceſt wrath of God.

CCXI. Heb. ix. 12.

NOT all the blood of beaſts,
On Jewiſh altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

But Chriſt, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine;
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burden thou didſt bear

When hanging on th' accurſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with chearful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

CCXII. Zech. xii. 10.

LADEN with guilt, ſinners ariſe,
And view your bleeding Sacrifice;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come!

Beneath your crimes the victim ſtood;
Sign'd your acquittances in blood;
Hereby ſtern juſtice is appeas'd;
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd.

Mercy, truth, peace, and righteouſneſs,
Beam from the Reconciler's face;
There look, 'till love diſſolve your heart,
And bid your ſlaviſh fears depart.

Oh! quit the world's deluſive charms,
And quickly fly to Jeſu's arms;
Wreſtle until your God is known,
'Till you can call the Lord your own.

CCXIII. Gal. vi. 14.

WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs,
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of Chriſt, my God;
All the vain things that charm me moſt
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet?
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown!

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall:
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

CCXIV. John xix. 25.

SWEET the moments, rich in bleſſing,
Which before the croſs I ſpend;
Life, and health, and peace poſſeſſing
From the ſinners dying Friend.
Here I'll ſit, for ever viewing
Mercy's ſtreams in ſtreams of blood:
Precious drops my ſoul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly bleſſed is this ſtation,
Low before his croſs to lie:
While I ſee divine compaſſion
Floating in his languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

CCXV. 2 Cor. v. 19.

DEAREST of all the names above,
Our Jeſus and our God,
Who can reſiſt thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father ſmiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human fleſh I ſee,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, juſt, and ſacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my ſlaviſh fear,
His grace removes my ſins.

CCXVI. Rev. i. 5.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God!
Come, waſh us in thy cleanſing blood;
Hide us within thy wounds, then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou our breaſts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How bleſt are thoſe who ſtill abide
Cloſe ſhelter'd in thy bleeding ſide!
Who life and ſtrength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

Ah, Lord enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable.

Firſt-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n muſt bow;
Help us to thee our all to give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

CCXVII. Col. i. 20.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And ſmile to ſee our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a ſeat of dreadful wrath,
And ſhot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd conſuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.

Rich were the drops of Jeſu's blood,
That calm'd his frowning face,
That ſprinkl'd o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

To thee ten thouſand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high:
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

CCXVIII. Heb. xii. 24.

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the ſkies,
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear ſtream when Chriſt was ſlain,
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold he lays his veng'ance by!
And rebels that deſerve his ſword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

To Jeſus let our praiſes riſe,
Who gave his life a ſacrifice;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

CCXIX. Matth. xxvi. 29.

IN Jeſus we live, in Jeſus we reſt,
And thankful receive his dying bequeſt;
The cup of ſalvation his mercy beſtows;
And all from his paſſion our happineſs flows.

With myſtical wine he comforts us here;
And gladly we join, till Jeſus appear,
With hearty thankſgiving his death to record;
The living, the living ſhould ſing of their Lord.

The fruit of the vine (the joy it implies)
Again we ſhall join to drink in the ſkies;
Exult in his favour, our triumph renew;
And I, ſaith the Saviour, will drink it with you.

CCXX. Jer. xxxi. 3.

HOW ſweet and awful is the place,
With Chriſt within the doors,
While everlaſting love diſplays
The choiceſt of her ſtores!

Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With ſoft compaſſion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying ſouls.

While all our hearts, and all our ſongs,
Join to admire the feaſt,
Each of us cries with thankful tongues,
Lord, why was I a gueſt?

'Twas the ſame love that ſpread the feaſt,
That ſweetly drew us in;
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

CCXXI. 1 John iv. 12.

COME, ev'ry pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your nobleſt pow'rs exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

Such was his zeal for God,
And ſuch his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do:

His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts ſurpaſs.

He left his ſtarry crown,
And laid his robes aſide;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell!
To ſave our ſouls from death and hell.

Jeſus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love:
Yet, tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve.
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give:
The gift, tho' ſmall, thou wilt receive.

CCXXII. Cant. v. 1.

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But moſt of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

I that am all defil'd with ſin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucify'd his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

What ſtrange ſurpriſing grace is this,
That ſuch a ſoul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand;
My Jeſus bids me come.

Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feaſt was made for you:

For you I groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
And roſe, and triumph'd too.

With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above!

CCXXIII. 2 Cor. v. 14.

JESUS, when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wond'rous ſacrifice,
Love riſes to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope diſdain.

With cold affections who can ſee
The thorns, the ſcourge, the nails, the tree
Thy flowing tears, and purple ſweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

Look, ſaints, into his op'ning ſide;
The breach how large, how deep, how wid
Thence iſſues forth a double flood,
Of cleanſing water, pard'ning blood.

Hence, O my ſoul, a balſam flows,
To heal thy wounds and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come ſtreaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immenſe, unknown.

Thus I could ſit, and ever ſing
The ſuff'rings of my heav'nly King;
With growing pleaſure ſpread abroad
The myſt'ries of a dying God.

CCXXIV. Luke xiv. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where Mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore
For ev'ry humble gueſt.

See, Jeſus ſtands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is room!

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

To him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your ſouls to come;
The rebel ſhall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

Then come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

And yet ten thouſand thouſand more
Are welcome ſtill to come:
The longing ſouls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

CCXXV. Iſa. lxiii. 1, 2.

WHAT heav'nly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the (ſkies,

Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

The Lord! the Saviour! Yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

'Twas his own love that made him bleed;
That nail'd him to the curſed tree:
'Twas his own love this table ſpread,
For ſuch unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taſte the Saviour's love;
Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move,
And ſweet hoſannas crown the board.

CCXXVI. Reſurrection. Rom. iv. 25.

BREAK forth into praiſe; our Surety and (Head
His members to raiſe hath roſe from the dead;
The pow'r of his Spirit hath quicken'd our (Lord
That we by his merit may now be reſtor'd.

Our Captain and King with ſhouts we proclaim,
And joyfully ſing the wonderful name;
The name all-victorious we publiſh and feel,
Triumphantly glorious o'er ſin, death, and hell.

We ſing of his love while ſojourning here,
Till Chriſt from above, our Saviour appear;
The heirs of ſalvation with triumph receive,
In full conſummation of glory to live.

CCXXVII. Rom. vi, 10, 11.

THE Sun of Righteouſneſs appears,
To ſet in blood no more;
Adore the Scatt'rer of your fears;
Your riſing God adore.

The ſaints, when he reſign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their ſleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death;
Again the dead ariſe!

Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-preſs trod;
He dy'd and ſuffer'd as a man,
He riſes as a God.

In vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Forbid an early riſe
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradiſe.

CCXXVIII. Matth. xxviii. 6.

UPRISING from the darkſome tomb,
See the victorious Jeſus come:
Th' Almighty Pris'ner quits the pris'n,
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels tell
The Lord is ris'n.

Ye guilty ſouls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear and live;
God's righteous law is ſatisfy'd,
And juſtice now is on your ſide.
Juſtice, juſtice, &c.

Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ranſom of his blood:
No new demand, no bar remains;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, &c.

Believers, hail your riſing Head,
The firſt begotten from the dead;
Your reſurrection's ſure, thro' his,
To endleſs life and boundleſs bliſs,
Endleſs, endleſs, &c.

CCXXIX. Mark xvi. 6.

SINNERS, diſmiſs your fear,
The joyful tidings hear;
This the word that Jeſus ſaid,
O believe and feel it true,
Chriſt is riſen from the dead,
Lives the Lord who dy'd for you.

Why then art thou caſt down,
Thou poor afflicted one?
Full of doubts, and griefs, and fears,
Look into that open grave;
Dy'd he not to dry thy tears?
Roſe he not thy ſoul to ſave?

To purge thy guilty ſtain
He dy'd, and roſe again:
Wherefore doſt thou weep and mourn?
Sinner, lift thine heart and eye;
Turn thee to thy Jeſus, turn;
See thy loving Saviour nigh.

He comes his own to claim;
He calls thee by thy name:
Drooping ſoul, rejoice, rejoice;
See him there to life reſtor'd.
Mary, know thy Saviour's voice;
Hear it, and reply, My Lord.

CCXXX. Aſcenſion. Pſalm lxviii. 18.

OUR Lord is riſen from the dead;
Our Jeſus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlaſting doors give way.

Looſe all your bars of maſſy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial ſcene;
He claims theſe manſions for his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, ſin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jeſus is the Conqu'ror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlaſting doors give way.

Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord of glorious pow'r poſſeſs'd;

The King of ſaints and angels too;
God over all, for ever bleſs'd.

CCXXXI. Heb. ix. 11.

WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

No fi'ry veng'ance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If juſtice calls for ſinners blood,
The Saviour ſhews his own.

Before his Father's eye
Our humble ſuit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours ſing:
Jeſus, the Prieſt, receives our ſongs,
And bears them to the King.

CCXXXII. Interceſſion. Heb. vii. 25.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thouſand glories more,
Than the rich gems and poliſh'd gold
The ſons of Aaron wore.

They firſt their own burnt-off'rings brought
To purge themſelves from ſin;
Thy life was pure without a ſpot,
And all thy nature clean.

ce in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
aron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

ut Chriſt, by his own pow'rful blood,
Aſcends above the ſkies,
nd in the preſence of our God,
Shews his own ſacrifice.

eſus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill,
ooks like a lamb that once was ſlain,
And wears his prieſthood ſtill.

e ever lives to interceed
Before his Father's face.
ive him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

CCXXXIII. Original Sin. Pſalm li. 5.

WHEN Adam by tranſgreſſion fell,
And conſcious fled his Maker's face,
ink'd in clandeſtine league with hell,
e ruin'd all his future race:
he ſeeds of evil, once brought in,
creas'd, and fill'd the world with ſin.

his lurking leav'n ferments the maſs.
ll nature's ſick; creation's ſpoil'd;
ch ſin-infected ſire, alas!
gets a ſin-infected child.
hus propagation ſpreads the curſe:
nd man, born bad, grows worſe and worſe:

CCXXXIV. Rom. v. 17.

DEEP in the duſt, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our diſgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
Whence ſprung our nature, and our ſhame.

But whilſt our ſpirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We ſing the honours of thy grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam, the ſecond, from the duſt
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

Where ſin did reign, and death abound,
There have the ſons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteouſneſs.

CCXXXV. Iſa. i, 5.

BACKWARD with humble ſhame we look
On our original;
How is our nature daſh'd and broke
In our firſt father's fall!

To all that's good averſe and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkneſs veils our mind!
How obſtinate our will!

How ſtrong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders thro' all our veins!

Wild and unwholeſome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From ſuch a deadly tree?

Yet, mighty God! thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Chriſt and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and ſin.

CCXXXVI. Luke xi. 21, 22.

HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is!
Our ſin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive ſouls
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

But there's a voice of ſov'reign grace,
Sounds from God's ſacred word;
Ho! ye deſpairing ſinners, come,
And truſt upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief!
We would believe thy promiſe, Lord,
O help our unbelief!

To the bleſt fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we waſh our ſpotted ſouls
From crimes of deepeſt dye!

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning ſins ſubdue;
Drive the old dragon from his ſeat,
With his infernal crew.

Poor, guilty, weak and helpleſs worms,
Into thy arms we fall;
Be thou our ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus, and our all!

CCXXXVII. Rev. xii. 9.

SIN has a thouſand treach'rous arts
To practiſe on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks ſhe tempts our hearts,
But leaves a ſting behind.

With names of virtue ſhe deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedleſs wretch believes,
She makes the fetters ſtrong.

She pleads for all the joys ſhe brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the ſoul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to ſenſe.

So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poiſon there,
And tainted all her blood.

CCXXXVIII. Rom. v. 12.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in ſin,
And born unholy and unclean;

rung from the man whoſe guilty fall,
orrupts the race, and taints us all.

oon as we draw our infant-breath,
he ſeeds of ſin grow up for death;
hy law demands a perfect heart,
ut we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

ehold, we fall before thy face!
ur only refuge is thy grace;
o outward forms can make us clean,
he leproſy lies deep within.

eſus, our God, thy blood alone
ath pow'r ſufficient to atone;
ord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
nd make our downcaſt hearts rejoice.

CCXXXIX. Election. Iſa. xxxii. 2.

HAIL, ſov'reign love that firſt began
The ſcheme to reſcue fallen man!
ail, matchleſs free eternal grace,
hat gave my ſoul a hiding-place!

gainſt the God that rules the ſky
fought, with hands uplifted high,
eſpis'd the mention of his grace,
oo proud to ſeek a hiding-place.

ut thus th' eternal council ran,
Almighty love, arreſt that man;"
felt the arrows of diſtreſs,
nd found I had no hiding-place.

Alarming juſtice ſtood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But juſtice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place.

Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel-form appear'd;
She led me on with rapid pace
To Jeſus as my hiding-place.

A few more rolling ſuns at moſt,
Will land me ſafe on Canaan's coaſt;
Where I ſhall ſing the ſong of grace,
And ſee my glorious hiding-place.

CCXL. Eph. ii. 5—10.

LONG ere the ſun ſhot forth his beams,
Or moon devolv'd her ſilver ſtreams,
Salvation's ſcheme was fix'd; 'twas done
In cov'nant 'twixt the Three in One.

The Father ſpake, the Son reply'd,
The Spirit with them both comply'd;
Grace mov'd the cauſe for ſaving man,
And wiſdom drew the noble plan.

The Father choſe his only Son
To die for ſins that man had done;
Emmanuel to the choice agreed,
And thus we're ſav'd in Chriſt our Head.

Work in the council had no place;
'Twas all perform'd by ſov'reign grace:
Work was a ſtranger then at court;
'Twas grace alone ſalvation wrought.

Salvation free, and grace was giv'n
In Chriſt, our Guardian, now in heav
Who freely will the ſame impart
To all th' elect renew'd in heart.

He ſends his Spirit from above
To call the objects of his love;
Not one muſt periſh, none be loſt;
His blood has bought them, dear they coſt.

What heights, what depths, what breadths of [grace!
Wonder, believer, ſhout, and praiſe
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Who all theſe glorious acts hath done.

CCXLI. Eph. i. 3, 4.

JESUS, we bleſs thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the ſame;
What heav'nly bleſſings from his throne
Flow down to ſinners thro' his Son!

"Chriſt be my firſt elect," he ſaid;
Then choſe our ſouls in Chriſt our Head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin
To raiſe us up from death and ſin;
Our characters were then decreed
"Blameleſs in love, a holy ſeed."

Predeſtinated to be ſons:
Born by degrees, but choſe at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praiſe the glory of his grace.

With Chriſt our Lord we ſhare our part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor ſhall our ſouls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his firſt belov'd.

CCXLII. 1 Pet. ii. 9.

BLESSED are the ſons of God,
They are bought with Chriſt's own blood
They are ranſom'd from the grave;
Life eternal they ſhall have.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the ſeal of this receive
When on Jeſus they believe.

They are juſtify'd by grace;
They enjoy a ſolid peace;
All their ſins are waſh'd away;
They ſhall ſtand in God's great day.

They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteouſneſs;
They are harmleſs, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They alone are truly bleſt;
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Chriſt.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

CCXLIII. Rev. iii. 17.

WHAT makes miſtaken men afraid
Of ſov'reign grace to preach?

The reaſon is (if truth be ſaid),
Becauſe they are ſo rich.

Why ſo offenſive in their eyes
Doth God's election ſeem?
Becauſe they think themſelves ſo wiſe
That they have choſen him.

Of perſeverance why ſo loth
Are ſome to ſpeak or hear?
Becauſe, as maſters over ſloth,
They vow to perſevere.

Whence is imputed righteouſneſs
A point ſo little known?
Becauſe men think they all poſſeſs
Some righteouſneſs their own.

Not ſo, the needy helpleſs ſoul
Prefers his humble pray'r:
He looks to him that works the whole,
And ſeeks his treaſure there.

His language is: "Let me, my God,
On ſov'reign grace rely;
And own 'tis free, becauſe beſtow'd
On one ſo vile as I.

Election! 'tis a word divine:
For, Lord, I plainly ſee,
Had not thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had choſen thee."

CCXLIV. 1 Cor. iv. 20.

A FORM of words, tho' e'er ſo ſound,
Can never ſave a ſoul;

The Holy Ghoſt muſt give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.

Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I ſee,
Till I am told by God's own mouth
That he has choſen me.

Sinners, I read, are juſtify'd
By faith in Jeſu's blood:
But when to me that blood's apply'd,
'Tis then it does me good.

To perſeverance I agree:
The thing to me is clear;
Becauſe the Lord has promis'd me
That I ſhall perſevere.

Imputed righteouſneſs I own
A doctrine moſt divine;
For Jeſus to my heart makes known
That all his merit's mine.

Thus Chriſtians glorify the Lord;
His Spirit joins with ours,
In bearing witneſs to his word,
With all its ſaving pow'rs.

CCXLV. 1 John iv. 19.

IN Jeſus approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy pow'r we cannot be mov'd:
How happy are we
Our calling who ſee,
And venture alone for ſalvation on thee.

Our ſeeking thy face
Was all of thy grace;
Thy mercy demands and ſhall have all the praiſe:
No ſinner can be
Beforehand with thee;
Thy grace is preventing, Almighty and free.

The ſoul that believes
The Spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives;
The work that's begun,
Shall ſurely be done.
The victory Jeſus already has won.

Yet one thing we want,
More holineſs grant,
For more of thy mind and thy image we pant.
Thine image impreſs
On thy choſen race;
O poliſh and faſhion thy veſſels of grace.

Vouchſafe us to know
More of thee below;
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory beſtow;
O love and defend,
And ſave to the end,
Till we to the regions above ſhall aſcend.

CCXLVI.

SONS we are, thro' God's election,
Who in Jeſus Chriſt believe:
By eternal deſtination
Sov'reign grace we here receive;

Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

Every fallen ſoul by ſinning
Merits everlaſting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has reſtor'd thy ſons again.
Countleſs millions
Shall in life through Jeſus reign.

Pauſe, my ſoul! adore and wonder!
Aſk, "O why ſuch love to ME?"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family.
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

Since that love had no beginning,
And ſhall never never ceaſe;
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from ſinning!
Guide me in the way of peace:
Make me walk in
All the paths of holineſs.

When in that bleſt habitation,
Which my God has fore-ordain'd;
When in glory's full poſſeſſion
I with ſaints and angels ſtand;
Free grace only
Shall reſound thro' Canaan's land.

CCXLVII. 2 Tim. i. 9.

NOW to the pow'r of God ſupreme,
Be everlaſting honours giv'n;

He ſaves from hell (we bleſs his name),
He calls loſt wand'ring ſouls to heav'n.

Not for our duties or deſerts,
But of his own abounding grace;
He works ſalvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praiſe.

'Twas his own purpoſe that begun
To reſcue rebels doom'd to die.
He gave us grace in Chriſt his Son
Before he ſpread the ſtarry ſky.

Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's councils known;
Declares the great tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down.

CCXLVIII. Regeneration. Pſal. lxxi. 7.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd our mournful ſtate,
The rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream,
The grace appear'd ſo great.

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confeſs;
Our tongues broke out in unknown ſtrains,
And ſung the wond'rous grace.

Great is the work, our neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine;
Great is the work our hearts reply'd,
And be the glory thine.

The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies;
Can give us day for night;

Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

Let thoſe that ſow in ſadneſs wait
Till the fair harveſt come:
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

CCXLIX. Iſa. xxvi. 12, 13.

HOW helpleſs guilty nature lies,
Unconſcious of its load!
The heart unchang'd can never riſe
To happineſs and God.

The will perverſe, the paſſions blind,
In paths of ruin ſtray;
Reaſon debas'd can never find
The ſafe, the narrow way.

Can ought beneath a pow'r divine
The ſtubborn will ſubdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

'Tis thine the paſſions to recal,
And upwards bid them riſe;
And make the ſcales of error fall
From reaſon's darken'd eyes.

O change theſe wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then ſhall our paſſions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

CCL. John iii. 8.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n
Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raiſe a ſoul to heav'n.

The ſov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

The Spirit, like ſome heav'nly wind,
Blows on the ſons of fleſh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afreſh.

Our quicken'd ſouls awake and riſe
From the long ſleep of death;
On heav'niy things we fix our eyes,
And praiſe employs our breath.

CCLI. Iſa. lxv. 17.

ATTEND while God's exalted Son,
Doth his own glories ſhew;
Behold, I ſit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.

I'll be a Sun of Righteouſneſs
To the new heav'ns I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories ſhall partake.

Mighty Redeemer! ſet us free
From our old ſtate of ſin;
O make our ſouls alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

Far from the regions of the dead,
From ſin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world thy grace hath made,
May we for ever dwell!

CCLII. Adoption. 1 John iii. 1.

BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
The Father has beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of God!

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our Head.

A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

If in my Father's love
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To reſt upon my heart.

We would no longer lie
Like ſlaves beneath thy throne;
Our faith ſhall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

CCLIII. Pſal. cxvi. 12.

WHAT ſhall I render, Lord, to thee,
For thy ſurpriſing grace,
That thou haſt made my ſoul to ſee
Thy reconciled face!

That I, who was with ſtains of ſin
So horridly defil'd,
Should thus be waſh'd, and taken in
For thine adopted child!

When nothing but a bath divine
Of Jeſu's dying blood
Could fit this leprous ſoul of mine
To ſtand before my God.

Bleſt be the Father, who beſtow'd
This glorious gift ſo free!
Bleſt be th' eternal Son of God,
Who gave himſelf for me!

Bleſt be the Spirit of his grace,
That ſeal'd my pardon ſure;
And made me willing to embrace
What Jeſus did procure!

CCLIV. Heb. xi. 16.

SOV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raiſe it's head,
Diſdain a Father's name.

My Father, God! how ſweet the ſound!
How tender and how dear!

Not all the harmony of heav'n
Could ſo delight the ear.

Come, ſacred Spirit, ſeal the name
On my expanding heart;
And ſhew, that in Jehovah's grace
I ſhare a filial part.

Cheer'd by a ſignal ſo divine,
Unwav'ring I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the ſign deceive.

CCLV. Rom. viii. 15.

HAPPY are they to whom the Lord
His gracious name makes known!
And by his Spirit and his word
Adopts them for his own!

He calls them to his mercy-ſeat,
And hears their humble pray'r;
And when within his houſe they meet,
They find his preſence near.

Tho' meanly clad, and coarſely fed,
And, like their Saviour, poor;
They would not change their goſpel brea
For all the worldling's ſtore.

When chear'd with faith's ſublimer joys,
They mount on eagle's wings;
They can diſdain, as chidlren's toys,
The pride and pomp of kings.

Dear Lord, aſſiſt our ſouls to pay
The debt of praiſe we owe;

at we en'oy a goſpel day,
And heav'n begun below.

CLVI. Juſtification. Rom. iv. 5. 11.

HAPPY he who e're believes
The embaſſy of peace;
Who at Jeſu's hand receives
The gift of righteouſneſs:
God is his ſalvation's God;
he Lord is his Almighty ſhield;
He with grace ſhall be endow'd,
And then with glory fill'd.

Did the ſin of Adam ſlay,
And ruin all his race?
Jeſus takes our ſins away,
By ſuff'ring in our place:
He perform'd what God requir'd,
nd anſwer'd all the law demands;
In his righteouſneſs attir'd
The true believer ſtands.

What a myſtery of love
In God's deſigns appears!
Jeſus, coming from above,
Our ſin and torment bears:
God imputes man's ſins to him;
mputes to man his righteouſneſs;
Guilty he doth Chriſt eſteem,
And guiltleſs us confeſs.

CCLVII. Rom. v. 8, 9.

JESU, thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
'Midſt flaming worlds in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

When from the duſt of death I riſe,
To claim my manſion in the ſkies,
Ev'n then ſhall this be all my plea,
Jeſus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me.

Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully thro' thee abſolv'd I am
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners thee proclaim:
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears,
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The grace of Chriſt is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſus, the Lord our righteouſneſs.

CCLVIII. Rom. iii. 19—23.

VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
On their own works have built;

Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

Jeſus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we truſt,
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs
That makes the ſinner juſt.

CCLIX. Sanctification.

O THAT the Lord would guide our ways
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that our God would grant us grace
To know and do his will!

Since we are ſtrangers here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road our feet ſhould go,
And be our conſtant guide.

Order our footſteps by thy word,
And make our hearts ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep our conſcience clear.

Make us to walk in wiſdom's way,
'Tis a delightful road;

It leads to realms of endleſs day;
It leads to thine abode.

CCLX. Perſeverance. Pſal. xviii. 46.

IN a world of hate and rancour,
Lord, thy truth my ſpirit feels;
And in Chriſt ſhe reſts at anchor;
For from him her health proceeds:
This is faithful; my ſalvation
And my ſtrength is Chriſt alone;
From this Rock of exaltation
By no blaſt ſhall I be blown.

O confide, with much ſubjection,
In the Lord, ye faithful flock,
Truſting with ſincere affection;
For Chriſt Jeſus is our Rock:
This is faithful; my ſalvation
And my ſtrength is Chriſt alone:
From this Rock of exaltation
By no blaſt ſhall I be blown.

God himſelf, in glory ſeated,
Speaks amidſt ſeraphic throngs;
Twice I've heard the ſame repeated,
That all pow'r to Chriſt belongs:
This is faithful; my ſalvation
And my ſtrength is Chriſt alone:
From this Rock of exaltation
By no blaſt ſhall I be blown.

CCLXI. Rom. viii. 35—38.

WHO ſhall thy people, Lord, remove
From thy divine unchanging love?
Or what ſhall o'er their faith prevail,
To make thy ſettled purpoſe fail?

Shall tribulation, or diſtreſs,
Famine, or cold, or nakedneſs?
Or ſhall the perſecutor's ſword
Turn them from following Chriſt the Lord?

Yea, this we are perſuaded ſtill,
That life, nor death, nor good, nor ill,
Angels, nor men, nor pow'rs of hell,
Shall e'er our heav'nly hopes expel.

Nor height, nor depth, nor aught beſide,
Shall ever Chriſt from us divide;
Or turn away the love of God
From ſouls made white by Jeſu's blood.

CCLXII. Phil. i. 6.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I ſing;
Nor fear, with thy righteouſneſs on,
My perſon and off'ring to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my tranſgreſſions from view.

The work which his goodneſs begun,
The arm of his ſtrength will compleat;

His promiſe is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpoſe forego,
Or ſever my ſoul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not eraſe;
Impreſs'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end ſhall endure,
As ſure as the earneſt is giv'n;
More happy, but not more ſecure,
The glorify'd ſpirits in heav'n.

CCLXIII. John x. 28.

FIRM as the earth thy goſpel ſtands,
My Lord, my hope, my truſt:
If I am found in Jeſu's hands
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

His honour is engag'd to ſave
The meaneſt of his ſheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands ſecurely keep.

Nor death nor hell ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breaſt;
In the dear boſom of his love
They muſt for ever reſt.

CCLXIV.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cauſe his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Tho' many foes beſet your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Chriſt in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you ſhall not faint,
Or fainting ſhall not die;
Jeſus, the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint,
Will aid you from on high.

Tho' ſometimes unperceiv'd by ſenſe,
Faith ſees him always near;
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,
Then what have you to fear?

As ſurely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So ſurely you, that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

CCLXV. John v. 24. xiii. 1.

THE ſinner that by precious faith
Has felt his ſins forgiv'n,
Is from that moment paſs'd from death,
And ſeal'd an heir of heav'n.

Tho' thouſand ſnares encloſe his feet,
Not one ſhall hold him faſt;

Whatever dangers he may meet,
He ſhall get ſafe at laſt.

Not as the world the Saviour gives;
He is no fickle friend:
Whom once he loves, he never leaves;
But loves him to the end.

The ſp'rit that would this truth withſtand,
Would pull God's temple down;
Wreſt Jeſu's ſceptre from his hand,
And ſpoil him of his crown.

Satan might then full vict'ry boaſt;
The church might wholly fall:
If one believer may be loſt,
It follows, ſo may all.

Brethren, by this your claim abide,
This title to your bliſs:
Whatever loſs you bear beſide,
O! never give up this.

CCLXVI. Pſalm cxxi.

TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and ſkies,
Is my perpetual aid.

'Tis he prevents their fatal fall
Whom he vouchſafes to keep;
His ear attends the ſofteſt call;
His eyes can never ſleep.

He will ſuſtain their weakeſt pow'rs,
With his Almighty arm,

And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm.

Iſra'l, rejoice, and reſt ſecure;
Thy keeper is the Lord,
His watchful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

CCLXVII. Tribulation. John xiii. 7.

GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

In deep unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take;
The clouds you ſo much dread
Are big with with mercy, and will break
With bleſſings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

CCLXVIII. Pſalm lxi. 2.

IN ev'ry trouble ſharp and ſtrong,
My ſoul to Jeſus flies;
Its anchor-hold is firm in him
When ſwelling billows riſe.

His comforts bear our ſpirits up;
We'd truſt a faithful God;
The ſure foundation of our hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs ſing, each ſoul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in ſorrow, life, and death,
His love is ſtill the ſame

CCLXIX. John xvi. 33.

THE ſouls that would to Jeſus preſs
Muſt fix this firm and ſure,
That tribulation, more or leſs,
They muſt and ſhall endure.

From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wiſe decree:
Satan the weakeſt ſaint will tempt;
Nor is the ſtrongeſt free.

The world oppoſes from without,
And unbelief within:
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feell the load of ſin.

Glad frames may often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow;

ill ſad deſertion makes us droop,
And then we ſink as low.

t let not all this terrify;
Purſue the narrow path:
ook to the Lord with ſtedfaſt eye;
And fight the good fight of faith.

ho' we are feeble, Chriſt is ſtrong;
His promiſes are true:
e ſhall be conpu'rors all ere long,
And more than conpu'rors too.

CCLXX. Pſal. xxx. 5.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
id farewel to ev'ry fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

ould earth againſt my ſoul engage,
And helliſh darts be hurl'd,
hen I can ſmile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

t cares, like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall,
ry I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

here ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
d not a wave of tr ible roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

CCLXXI. Mal. iii. 6.

WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mi
And ſmiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
So prone to act ſo baſe a part
As harbour one hard thought of thee.

Oh! may I then at length be taught,
What ſtill I am ſo ſlow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat;
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

Thou art as willing to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praiſe receive,
Be ſhame and ſelf-abhorrence mine.

CCLXXII. God's Ways myſterious.

LORD, we adore thy vaſt deſigns,
Th' obſcure abyſs of providence;
Too deep to ſound with mortal lines;
Too dark to view with feeble ſenſe.

Now thou array'ſt thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a ſmile;

Saints thro' the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compaſſion ſtill.

Thro' ſeas and ſtorms of deep diſtreſs
They ſail by faith, and not by ſight;
Faith guides them in the wilderneſs,
Thro' all the briars of the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we muſt lean upon our God;
Thine arm ſhall bear us ſafely through.

CCLXXIII. Gen. xxii. 14.

THO' troubles aſſail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends ſhould all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing ſecures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture aſſures us, the Lord will provide.

The birds without barn or ſtore-houſe are fed;
From them let us learn to truſt for our bread:
His ſaints what is fitting ſhall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

We may, like the ſhips, by tempeſts be toſt
On perilous deeps, but cannot be loſt;
Tho' Satan enrages, the wind and the tide,
The promiſe engages the Lord will provide.

When Satan appears to ſtop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has try'd,
This heart cheering promiſe, the Lord will provide.

He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain
The good that we ſeek we ne'er ſhall obtain
But when ſuch ſuggeſtions our ſpirits ha[ply]
This anſwers all queſtions, the Lord will p[rovi]

When life ſinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace ſhall comfort us thro
No fearing or doubting with Chriſt on our ſid
We hope to die ſhouting, The Lord will p[rovi]

CCLXXIV.

LORD, how divinely bleſt
Are they whom thou haſt choſe,
And call'd by grace on thee to reſt,
And giv'n them ſweet repoſe!

Howe'er diſtreſt and poor,
Yet ſtill they have enough;
For they've a rich exhauſtleſs ſtore
The world knows nothing of.

Faith lifts their drooping hearts,
And baniſhes their fears;
New life and vigour it imparts,
And wipes their flowing tears.

They live like ſtrangers here,
Fearleſs of what may come;
For ev'ry wind, how croſs ſo e'er,
Conveys them neater home.

Tho' friends as well as foes
Sometimes their peace aſſail,

Yet none can break their ſweet repoſe,
If Jeſus on them ſmile.

CCLXXV.

HOW wond'rous are the works of God,
Diſplay'd thro' all the world abroad!
Immenſely great! immenſely ſmall!
Yet one ſtrange work exceeds them all.

Almighty God ſigh'd human breath!
The Lord of life experienc'd death!
How it was done, we can't diſcuſs;
But this we know, 'twas done for us.

Bleſt with this faith, then let us raiſe
Our hearts in love, our voice in praiſe.
All things to us muſt work for good,
For whom the Lord hath ſhed his blood.

Trials may preſs of ev'ry ſort;
They may be ſore; they muſt be ſhort.
We now believe, but ſoon ſhall view,
The greateſt glories God can ſhew.

CCLXXVI.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no ſupply!
No chearing fruits, no wholeſome trees,
Nor ſtreams of living joy.

Yet the right path to thine abode
Lies thro' this barren land;
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward ſtill;
Forget the troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

Where with the Lamb, on Zion's mount,
Our weary ſouls ſhall ſit;
And with tranſporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

CLXXVII. The Bleſſings of Grace.

AMAZING grace! how ſweet the ſound
That ſav'd a wretch like me!
I once was loſt, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I ſee.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I firſt believ'd!

Thro' many dangers, toils and ſnares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me ſafe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me;
His word my hope ſecures;
He will my ſhield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

The earth ſhall ſoon diſſolve like ſnow,
The ſun forbear to ſhine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

CCLXXVIII. Rom. xv. 10.

GRACE! how exceeding ſweet to thoſe
Who feel they ſinners are!
Sunk and diſtreſt, they taſte and know
Their heav'n is only there.

We thirſt, O Lord; give us each day
To taſte more of this grace;
More of that ſtream which from the rock
Flow'd through the wilderneſs.

Where'er eternal life is giv'n,
This thirſt the ſame will be;
The heart will after Jeſus pant
To all eternity.

'Tis grace alone that feeds our ſouls;
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O that nothing elſe but grace
May rule for evermore.

CCLXXIX. Rom. v. 5.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

Knowledge, alas! is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign,
If love be abſent there.

'Tis love that makes our active feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

When join'd to that harmonious throng
That fills the choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be love.

CCLXXX. Eph. ii. 5.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work ſhall crown
Thro' everlaſting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmoſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

CCLXXXI. Saints glorified. Rev. vii. 14, 15.

WHAT are theſe array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day ſun,
Foremoſt of the ſons of light,
Neareſt the eternal throne?
Theſe are they that bore the croſs,
Nobly for their maſter ſtood,
Suff'rers in his righteous cauſe,
Foll'wers of the dying God.

He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb ſhall always feed,
With the tree of life ſuſtain,
To the living fountain lead;
He ſhall all their ſorrows chaſe;
All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from ev'ry face;
Fill up ev'ry ſoul with love.

Saints, begin the endleſs ſong,
Cry aloud in heav'nly lays,
Glory doth to God belong;
God the glorious Saviour praiſe:
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wiſdom, thanks, and pow'r,
Honour, majeſty, and might;
Praiſe him, praiſe him evermore.

CCLXXXII. Attachment to Jeſus. Rom. i. 16.

I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

Jeſus, my God; I know his name;
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands
'Till the deciſive hour.

Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

CCLXXXIII. Mark viii. 38.

JESUS! and ſhall it ever be,
A mortal man aſham'd of thee!
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
O may I ſcorn it more and more!

Aſham'd of Jeſus! ſooner far
May ev'ning bluſh to own a ſtar.
Aſham'd of Jeſus! juſt as ſoon
May midnight bluſh to think of noon.

Aſham'd of Jeſus! of that Friend
On whom my hopes for heav'n depend!
No—if I bluſh, be this my ſhame,
That I no more revere his name!

Aſham'd of Jeſus! Yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to waſh away;
No tears to wipe—no joys to crave;
Or no immortal ſoul to ſave.

Till then (nor is my boaſting vain),
Till then I'll boaſt a Saviour ſlain.
And oh! may this my portion be,
That Saviour not aſham'd of me.

CCLXXXIV. Ebenezer.

MY Ebenezer raiſe
To my kind Redeemer's praiſe;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hither by thy help I'm come.

What may be my future lot
Well I know concerns me not;
This ſhould ſet my heart at reſt,
What thy will ordains is beſt.

I my all to thee reſign;
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praiſe;
So the laſt, the cloſing ſcene
Shall be tranquil and ſerene.

To thy will I leave the reſt;
Grant me but this one requeſt,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy ſpecial love.

CCLXXXV. Iſa. lxiii. 7.

AWAKE, my ſoul, in joyful lays,
And ſing thy great Redeemer's praiſe:
He juſtly claims a ſong from thee,
His loving kindneſs is ſo free.

He ſaw me ruin'd by the fall,
And lov'd me notwithſtanding all:
He ſav'd me from my loſt eſtate,
His loving kindneſs is ſo great.

When I was Satan's eaſy prey,
And deep in debt and bondage lay,
He paid his life for my diſcharge,
His loving kindneſs is ſo large.

Thro' many hoſts of mighty foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppoſe,
He ſafely leads my ſoul along,
His loving kindneſs is ſo ſtrong.

Often I feel my ſinful heart
Prone from my Jeſus to depart;
And tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindneſs changeth not.

Whene'er I paſs the gloomy vale,
And all my mortal powers fail,
Oh! may my laſt expiring breath
His loving kindneſs ſing in death.

CLXXXVI. Hinder me not. Gen. xxiv. 56.

WHEN Abram's ſervant, to procure
A wife for Iſaac went,
Rebekah met, his ſuit preferr'd,
Her parents gave conſent.

Yet for ten days at leaſt they urg'd
His journey to delay:
Hinder me not, the man reply'd,
Since God has ſped my way.

So cries my ſoul, whom lovely Chriſt
Unto himſelf did wed,
Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way has ſped.

Stay, ſays the world, a little while,
And taſte my pleaſures ſweet;
Hinder me not, my ſoul replies,
Becauſe the way is great.

Thro' floods or flames, if Jeſus leads,
I'll go where'er he goes;
Hinder me not, ſhall be my cry,
Let whoſo will oppoſe.

When Chriſt's own ſervant calls me home,
Still this my cry ſhall be,
Hinder me not; come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

CCLXXXVII. Iſa. xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
Him whom I fix my hope upon;

His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment,
The King's highway of holineſs,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

No ſtranger may proceed therein;
No lover of the world or ſin;
No lion, no devouring care;
No ſin or ſorrow ſhall be there.

No; nothing may go up thereon
But trav'ling ſouls; Lord, make me one:
Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

Then will I tell to ſinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point them to redeeming blood,
And cry, Behold the way to God!

CCLXXXVIII.

HOW ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds
In a believer's ear?
It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

Dear name! the rock on which I build;
My ſhield and hiding-place;

My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

Jeſus! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend;
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End·
Accept the praiſe I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

CCLXXXIX. Divine Protection.

HOW bleſt are they whoſe feet have found
The way unto Immanuel's ground!
And ſteadily do walk therein,
Far from the crooked paths of ſin!

Their weary ſpirits ſweetly reſt
Contentedly on Jeſu's breaſt;
They ſo much of his mercy prove,
As that they cannot help but love.

In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb,
Who once was wrapt in human frame:
They view within his bloody rays
The object of eternal praiſe.

He arms them for the evil day,
And keeps them leſt their ſouls ſhould ſtray;
He guides them with his mighty pow'r,
And brings them thro' the trying hour.

Then reſt, my ſoul, upon the Lord,
In Jeſus Chriſt, the living Word;

And then thy joy ſhall ne'er decay,
Till it break out in endleſs day.

CCXC. The Same.

FAITHFUL ſouls, pray, always pray,
And ſtill in God confide;
He thy feeble ſteps ſhall ſtay,
Nor ſuffer thee to ſlide:
Lean on the Redeemer's breaſt;
He thy quiet ſpirit keeps;
Reſt in him, ſecurely reſt;
Thy Watchman never ſleeps.

Neither ſin, nor earth, nor hell,
Thy Keeper can ſurpriſe;
Careleſs ſlumber cannot ſteal
On his all-ſeeing eyes:
He is Iſr'el's ſure defence;
Iſr'el all his care ſhall prove;
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

See the Lord, thy Keeper ſtand,
Omnipotently near;
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
And baniſhes thy fear:
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are ſpread
The everlaſting arms.

CCXCI. The Chriſtian Traveller.

COME all whoe'er have ſet
Your faces Sionward,
In Jeſus let us meet,
And praiſe our common Lord;
In Jeſus let us ſtill walk on,
Till all appear before the throne.

Nearer and nearer ſtill,
We to our country come,
To that celeſtial hill,
The weary pilgrims home;
The New Jeruſalem above;
The ſeat of everlaſting love.

The peace and joy of faith
O may we ever feel;
Redeem'd from ſin and wrath,
And death, and earth, and hell,
We to our Father's houſe repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

Our Saviour, Brother, Head;
Our All in all is he;
And in his ſteps who tread,
We ſoon his face ſhall ſee;
Shall ſee him with our glorious friends,
And then in heav'n our journey ends.

CCXCII.

WAYFARING men and ſojourners
Are we, who ſeek the heav'nly ſpheres;
Nor do we here belong;

Our certain dwelling place is where
The Lamb's triumphant hoſts appear,
His dear redeemed throng.

Forget not this, while thus ye ſit
To reſt you at our Saviour's feet,
Ye family of God;
But leaning on your ſtaves as do
Poor trav'llers, who their home purſue,
When weary on the road.

Our meetings here is not the reſt
Remaining for us, but a taſte;
Yet, friends, a little while,
A few days journey more, and we
Shall Jeſus and his Sabbath ſee,
And ceaſe from all our toil.

CCXCIII. Eph. vi. 11.

STAND up, my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel armour on:
March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes;
Thy Jeſus nail'd them to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.

What tho' the prince of darkneſs rage,
And waſte the fury of his ſpight;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endleſs night.

What tho' thine inward luſts rebel;
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins, and end the ſtrife.

Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

There ſhall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace;
While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious Leader's praiſe.

CCXCIV. James i. 12.

AND muſt it, Lord, be ſo?
And muſt thy children bear
Such various kinds of woe?
Such ſoul-perplexing fear?
Are theſe the bleſſings we expect?
Is this the lot of God's elect?

Boaſt not, ye ſons of earth,
Nor look with ſcornful eyes:
Above your higheſt mirth
Our ſaddeſt hours we prize.
For tho' our cup ſeems fill'd with gall,
There's ſomething ſecret ſweetens all.

How harſh ſoe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, ſtill lead on;
Nor leave us 'till we ſay,
"Father, thy will be done."

At moſt we do but taſte the cup;
For thou alone haſt drunk it up.

Shall guilty man complain?
Shall ſinful duſt repine?
And what is all our pain?
How light, compar'd with thine!
Finiſh, dear Lord, what is begun;
Chuſe thou the way, but ſtill lead on.

CCXCV. Precious Faith. 2 Pet. i. 1.

HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Author of all our faith;
The Finiſher of all our hopes;
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

Hail, Firſt and Laſt, the Morning Star,
In whom we live and move!
Increaſe our little ſpark of faith,
And purify our love.

Let that belief which Jeſus taught
Be treaſur'd in our breaſt;
The evidence of unſeen joys;
The ſubſtance of our reſt.

O let us go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
From grace to greater grace;
From one degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

CCXCVI. Heb. xi. 1.

FAITH is the brighteſt evidence
Of things beyond our ſight,

Breaks thro' the clouds of fleſh and ſenſe,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

It ſets times paſt in preſent view;
Brings diſtant proſpects home,
Of things a thouſand years ago,
Or thouſand years to come.

By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's Almighty word;
Abram, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord:

He ſought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith aſſures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly building ſtands.

CCXCVII. 1 Pet. i. 5.

BY faith in Chriſt I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journey's-end, in view;
Supported by his ſtaff and rod,
My road is ſafe and pleaſant too.

I travel thro' a deſart wide,
Where many round me blindly ſtray;
But he vouchſafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miſs my way.

Tho' ſnares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my courſe withſtand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble ſpirit faints;

At once my ſoul revives and ſings,
And yields no more to ſad complaints.

CCXCVIII. Mark ix. 24.

HEAL us, Emmanuel; here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded ſouls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are ſuch.

Our faith is feeble, we confeſs;
We faintly truſt thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the leſs?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

Remember him who once apply'd
With trembling for relief;
"Lord I believe," with tears he cry'd,
"O help my unbelief."

She too, who touch'd thee in the preſs,
And healing virtue ſtole,
Was anſwer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! ſend us not deſparing home;
Send none unheal'd away.

CCXCIX. Heb. xii. 2.

BY various maxims, forms and rules,
That paſs for wiſdom in the ſchools,
I ſtrove my paſſion to reſtrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

But ſince the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
To keep my Lord by faith in view;
This ſtrength ſupplies, and motives too.

I ſee him lead a ſuff'ring life,
Patient amidſt reproach and ſtrife;
And from his pattern courage take
To bear and ſuffer for his ſake.

Upon the croſs I ſee him bleed;
And by the ſight from guilt am freed:
This ſight deſtroys the life of ſin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

To look to Jeſus as he roſe,
Confirms my faith, diſarms my foes;
Satan I ſhame and overcome,
By pointing to my Sviour's tomb.

By faith I ſee the hour at hand
When in his preſence I ſhall ſtand;
Then it will be my endleſs bliſs,
To ſee him where, and as he is.

CCC. Well ordered Covenant. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever ſure;
And in its matchleſs grace I feel
My happineſs ſecure.

What tho' my houſe be not with thee
As nature could deſire?
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy ſervants all aſpire.

Since thou, the everlaſting God,
My Father art become;
Jeſus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heav'n my final home;

I welcome all thy ſov'reign will;
For all that will is love:
And when I know not what thou doſt,
I wait the light above.

Thy cov'nant the laſt accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that ſhall the firſt notes employ
Of my celeſtial ſong.

CCCI. New Year.

GOD of my life, thy conſtant care
With bleſſings crown each op'ning year;
This guilty life doſt thou prolong,
And wake anew my annual ſong.

How many precious ſouls are fled
To the vaſt regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing ſun
Through his laſt yearly period run!

We yet ſurvive; but who can ſay,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
He ſhall retain his vital breath,
Thus far at leaſt, in league with death?

To thee our ſpirits we reſign,
O make and own them ſtill as thine;
So ſhall they ſmile ſecure from fear,
Tho' death ſhould blaſt the riſing year.

CCCII. Luke xiii. 8.

ONCE more the conſtant ſun,
Revolving round his ſphere,
His ſteady courſe has run,
And brings another year;
He riſes, ſets, but goes not back,
Nor ever quits his deſtin'd track.

What now ſhall be our taſk?
Or rather what our pray'r?
What good thing ſhall we aſk
To proſper this new year?
With one accord our hearts we'll lift,
And aſk our Lord ſome new-year's gift.

No trifling gift or ſmall
Should friends of Chriſt deſire;
Rich Lord, beſtow on all
Pure gold, well try'd by fire;
Faith that ſtands faſt when devils roar,
And love that laſts for evermore.

CCCIII. Pſalm xc. 9.

AND now, my ſoul, another year
Of thy ſhort life is paſs'd;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

Now a new ſcene of time begins;
Set out afreſh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former ſins,
In Chriſt ſo freely giv'n.

Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal purſue the heav'nly road;
Nor doubt a happy end.

CCCIV.

ETERNAL ſource of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee, ſov'reign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports and guides the whole;
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demands ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and ev'ning ſhade:

Here in thy houſe let incenſe riſe,
And circling Sabbaths bleſs our eyes;
Till to thoſe lofty heights we ſoar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

CCCV. Death. Heb. ix. 27.

HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race muſt die:

One gen'ral ruin ſweeps them down,
And low in duſt they lie.

Ye living men, the tomb ſurvey,
Where you muſt quickly dwell;
Hark how the awful ſummons ſounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell!

Once you muſt die, and once for all;
The ſolemn purport weigh;
For know, that heav'n or hell attend
On that important day.

Thoſe eyes, ſo long in darkneſs veil'd,
Muſt wake, the Judge to ſee;
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought
Muſt paſs his ſcrutiny.

O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend!
And far beyond the reach of death,
With all his ſaints aſcend.

CCCVI. God our beſt Guide. Pſal. lxxiii, 24.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the cryſtal fountain,
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:

Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou ſtill my ſtrength and ſhield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide:
Death of death, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide;
Songs of praiſes,
I will ever give to thee.

CCCVII. Job xiv. 1.

WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd aw
By death's reſiſtleſs hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity muſt demand.

While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
O may this truth, impreſt
With awful pow'r, "I too muſt die!"
Sink deep in ev'ry breaſt.

Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent hour;
To-morrow death may come.

The voice of this alarming ſcene
May ev'ry heart obey!
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

Great God! thy ſov'reign grace impart,
With cleanſing, healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's ſurpriſing hour.

CCCVIII. Job xxx. 23.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms we be.

Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around
To hurry mortals home.

Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road!
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God!

CCCIX. Death and Eternity.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that uſe to riſe;
Converſe a while with death;
Think how a gaſping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

His quiv'ring lips hangs feebly down;
His pulſes faint and few;

Then ſpeechleſs, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

But, O the ſoul! that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, purſue it, where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way.

Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts, triumphing there;
Or devil's plunge it down to hell,
In infinite deſpair.

And muſt my body faint and die?
And muſt this ſoul remove?
O, for ſome guardian angel nigh,
To bear it ſafe above!

CCCX. A Believer's Death. 2 Cor. v. 8.

HOW little can my fancy paint
The moment after death!
The glories that ſurround the ſaints
When yielding up their breath!

One gentle ſigh their fetters break;
We ſcarce can ſay, "They're gone,"
Before the willing ſpirit takes
Her manſion near the throne.

Faith ſtrives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely bleſt;
Have done with ſin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour reſt.

On harps of gold they praiſe his name;
His face they always view;
Then let us foll'wers be of them,
That we may praiſe him too.

CCCXI. The Same.

WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as time can move?
Nor would we wiſh the hours more ſlow,
To keep us from our love.

Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all his ſaints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd ev'ry bed;
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with the dying Head?

CCCXII. Baptiſm. Iſa. xl. 11.

SEE Iſr'el's gentle Shepherd ſtands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor ſcorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bleſs ſuch ſouls as theſe
The Lord of angels came.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourſelves are thine,
Thine let our offſpring be.

CCCXIII. Acts ii. 39.

THUS ſaith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
"I'll bleſs thy num'rous race, and they
"Shall be a ſeed for me."

Abrah'm believ'd the pomis'd grace,
And gave his ſon to God;
But water ſeals the bleſſings now,
That once was ſeal'd with blood.

Thus Lydia ſanctify'd her houſe,
When ſhe receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His houſhold to the Lord.

Thus latter ſaints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truth embrace;
And thee their infant offſpring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

CCCXIV.

ONCE did the ſons of Abrah'm paſs
Under the bloody ſeal of grace;
The young diſciples bore the yoke,
'Till Chriſt the painful bondage broke.

By milder ways doth Jeſus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He ſeals to ſaints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

Their ſeed is ſprinkled with his blood;
Their children ſet apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon their head.

Let ev'ry ſaint with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praiſe.

CCCXV. Forbid them not. Mark x. 14.

WHEN Jeſus dwelt with men below,
He then reveal'd his grace,
To ſinners of the oldeſt date,
Down to the infant race.

Some brought young children to the Lord,
And others ſaid, Not ſo;
They have no right to his kind arms;
His grace they do not know.

But Jeſus ſaid, Forbid them not;
Here ſuffer them to come:
Of ſuch I make my kingdom up;
For them there yet is room.

As Abrah'm circumcis'd of old,
And hop'd thy grace to prove,
So we baptize our children, Lord;
Vouchſafe to them thy love.

Now in thine ord'nance we appear,
And humbly ſeek thy face;
Here would we give this child to thee;
O give the ſame thy grace!

APPENDIX,

By J. R.

CCCXVI. They ſung a new Song. Rev. v. 9.

HARK! what melodious ſongs
The ranſom'd ſing above,
With holy raptures on their tongues,
Of Jeſu's precious love.

"All glory to the Lamb,"
They all united cry;
"Who cleans'd us from the deepeſt ſtain
"Of ſin's impurity."

Their garments are made white,
Being waſh'd in blood divine;
And ſeated near the throne of light,
Moſt glorioufly they ſhine.

They praiſe the Saviour's name
With one triumphant ſound,
Who ever was and is the ſame,
Whoſe mercy knows no bound.

No heart-diſtracting care
In thoſe ſweet realms of bliſs;
No ſorrow, ſighing, can be there,
Where all is joy and peace.

O! happy ſoul that's gone
T' enjoy that perfect reſt,
That there remains near Jeſu's throne
For ev'ry choſen gueſt.

In that celeſtial place
May I but have a ſeat!
Then my delight ſhall be to caſt
My crown at Jeſu's feet.

CCCXVII. Wayfaring men ſhall not err. Iſa. xxxv. 8.

WAYFARING men were ſaints of old,
Who lov'd and fear'd the Lord;
In all their travels thro' this world
Were guided by his word.

When call'd to walk in wiſdom's ways,
This world appeared vain,
And here they own'd the God of grace,
Themſelves wayfaring men.

The ways of ſin they left behind,
In hope they might obtain,
Thro' Chriſt, the reſt his people find,
Tho' but wayfaring men.

In this purſuit they were expos'd
To ſorrow, grief and pain,
From inward fears and outward foes,
While thus wayfaring men.

In all their trials, they in pray'r
Call'd on the Lord's dear name;
And him they found their Saviour near,
Tho' but wayfaring men.

At length they left this world below;
With Jeſus now they reign:
May you and I their bleſſings know,
Tho' but wayfaring men.

CCCXVIII. He led them in a right Way. Pſalm cvii. 7.

TO Jeſus who reigns in heaven above,
Our voices we'll raiſe to ſing of his love;
With joyful hoſannas we'll praiſe his dear name,
And ſing hallelujahs to God and the Lamb.

The love of the Lord to us has been great,
And ſtill we perceive his ways in the deep;
Thro' mazes of ſorrow, of grief, and diſtreſs,
We're called to travel in this wilderneſs.

The fathers of old experienc'd the ſame,
Of hunger and cold, accompany'd with pain:
Their ſighing and fainting, and buffetings too,
All ſhew us the path is the ſame we go thro'.

We ſtill have in view our great Guide and Friend,
Who ſays, I'm with you alway to the end:
Then let us preſs forward, and boldly march on;
Our portion's in heav'n, our treaſure's a crown.

CCCXIX. In the World ye ſhall have Tribulation.

THRO' tribulation's path I go,
Expos'd to various kinds of woe;
My Saviour holds me by the hand,
And leads me thro' this barren land.

Remaining unbelief and ſin,
Doth oft my ſoul moleſt within,
But Chriſt who brought me in the way,
Will ſoon the inbred tyrants ſlay.

Tho' in affliction's furnace try'd,
And troubles come on ev'ry ſide,
The Lord, my ſtrength, will grace beſtow,
And bring me more than conqu'ror thro'.

But O! the joys that are poſſeſt
Upon bleſt realms of light and reſt,
Will more than recompenſe beſtow
For all my ſuff'rings here below.

Tis there unſullied glories ſhines
From Jeſus in celeſtial beams;
And all the ranſom'd round the throne
Conſpire to praiſe the Three in One.

Then riſe, my ſoul, with ardour riſe,
To join their ſongs above the ſkies;
Thro' good and evil ſtill purſue;
Nor ſtop in all the plains below.

CCCXX. Praiſe the Lord.

LET ſons of grace record the praiſe
Of Chriſt, the paſchal Lamb;
And ſweetly join in hymns divine,
To chant his lovely name.

While angels ſing to Chriſt, the King
Of all in earth or heav'n;
Let mortals ſhew his praiſe below,
For mercies freely giv'n.

Sing and rejoice in heart and voice,
Till Chriſt the Lord ſhall come,
And bid you riſe above the ſkies,
To your eternal home.

CCCXXI. Darkneſs may endure for a Nigh

WITH holy fear and ſacred joy,
I'll ſing a ſong of praiſe,
To Chriſt, who does my wants ſupply
With his Almighty grace.

Tho' darkneſs, deadneſs, unbelief,
May now my ſoul attend;
Light, life, and faith's mature relief,
My Saviour has to ſend.

At ſundry times and divers ways
He doth his grace impart;
And often ſhines with chearful rays
Upon my lifeleſs heart.

He often for my ſaddeſt hour
Reſerves the ſweeteſt aid;
And ſpreads his glorious banner o'er
My poor defenceleſs head.

Then only would I put my truſt,
In Jeſus, God, and true;
And thro' his grace take up the croſs
That I am call'd unto.

And thus my God and Friend he'll be,
For evermore the ſame,
In time and to eternity;
And Jeſus is his name.

CCCXXII. Pſalm lxvi. 16.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And hear a ſinner tell

The wonders of a God
That ſav'd my ſoul from hell:
e ſons of God, his grace admire,
nd ſee a brand pluck'd from the fire.

In works of wickedneſs,
I ſought delight in vain;
And with th' ungodly race
In the broad road I ran;
Till brought the Saviour's voice to hear;
This ſtop'd me in the mad career.

Whereas I once was blind,
I now rejoice to ſee
That Chriſt, the ſinners Friend,
Is all in all to me;
ly joy, my hope, my peace, my reſt,
he Lord my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

The Lord my portion is;
My help in time of need:
His blood and righteouſneſs
I for acceptance plead,
nd thus a beggar at the throne,
plead what my dear Lord has done.

No ſacrifice for ſin
Will God accept but this;
This makes the fowleſt clean,
And gives the troubled peace;
hro' this the guilty are forgiv'n,
nd ſons of earth made heirs of heav'n.

CCCXXIII. Lord teach us to pray.

MY God, my King and Friend,
Prepare this heart of mine,
Recal my thoughts, compoſe my mind
To worſhip moſt divine.

In ſpirit and in truth,
Lord teach me how to pray;
Impart appropriating faith,
And chaſe my fears away.

Deeply my mind impreſs
With all the wants I bear;
And from thy throne my needs redreſs,
In anſwer to my pray'r.

Then like a favour'd child,
I ſhall in hope draw nigh,
To meet my Father reconcil'd,
And Abba, Father, cry.

CCCXXIV. Zion's Streams. Pſal. xlvi.

THERE is a river that ſupplies
The church of God below,
The ſtreams thereof of precious joys
In rich effuſion flow.

The ſtreams of pardon, joy, and peace,
Flows from the Saviour's breaſt,
To every ſoul that's call'd by grace
To ſeek the promis'd reſt.

The weary ſaint, the mournful ſoul,
Here finds a ſweet redreſs,

While ſtreams of ſov'reign mercy roll
Thro' this wide wilderneſs.

'Twas ſov'reign, free electing love,
And undeſerved grace,
That iſſued from the throne above,
To man's apoſtate race.

[Altho' Almighty love paſs'd by
The fallen angels train,
Yet mercy here devis'd a way
To ſave rebellious man.]

From Zion's glorious throne above,
To Zion's courts below,
Doth ſtreams of everlaſting love
In Chriſt to ſinners flow.

Oh may we know this love in time,
And Zion's King adore!
And prove by faith theſe glad'ning ſtreams,
Till time ſhall be no more.

CCCXXV. Iſa. i. 5.

THE heart is faint, and ſick the head,
Deformed and defac'd;
The leproſy of ſin has ſpread
Thro' all the human race.

If one good thought could purchaſe bliſs,
And bring ſalvation near,
That thought my heart can ne'er poſſeſs,
Till grace implant it there.

If from the curſe my ſoul is free,
And juſtice claims no more,
I'll own the love of Calvary,
And God in Chriſt adore.

The praiſe I'll ever render to
The holy Lamb of God;
And ſing ſalvation only thro'
The merits of his blood.

Of this while here I'll only boaſt;
And hope in heav'n to join
With pleaſing joy the ranſom'd hoſt,
To ſing of blood divine.

CCCXXVI. Unity.

JESUS, bleſs with faith and patience,
We companions here below;
Let us have thy bleſſed preſence
Till we all thy fullneſs know;
Thou, we truſt, hath us united
In the bonds of peace and love;
May we, by thy Spirit guided,
Urge our way to joys above.

Loving Saviour, give us pow'r
That we may our foes withſtand:
Thou our rock, our guard and tow'r,
Hold us with thy pow'rful hand:
Thee we call our God and Father;
Thou our Counſellor and Friend;
O continue to deliver;
Love and ſave us to the end.

CCCXXVII. James i. 17.

NOW ev'ry good gift deſcends from above,
The good gifts of grace, the bleſſings of love;
Our Saviour aſcending, on high he doth reign,
Theſe gifts he diſpenſes, the fruits of his pain.

Repentance, a gift he has to beſtow
On thoſe who deſire his mercy to know;
That godly compunction of ſorrow and grief;
A proof of conviction, repentance to life.

By grace are we ſav'd through faith in his blood;
That faith's not our own, but the gift of God:
He works it within us, and then we do prove
This faith is the faith here that worketh by love.

His Spirit, a gift we have the ſame way;
For this we are bid by Jeſus to pray:
And all the ſweet gifts of his free grace and love,
Comes to us thro' Jeſus our Saviour above.

CCCXXVIII. Chriſt altogether lovely.

HOW welcome is Jeſus's charms
To ſouls that have taſted his grace!
Who reſt in his merciful arms,
And hear his ſweet whiſpers of peace!
To thoſe he's the chiefeſt by far
Of all the bright angels above;
Nor can they the cherubs compare
With Jeſus their object of love.

Their ſouls being graciouſly taught,
A glorious ſalvation they ſee;
Procured by Jeſus, and bought
When for them he bled on the tree.
With ſongs to his praiſe they return
To Canaan's deſirable ſhore,
The kingdom for which they are born
When ſinning and ſorrow is o'er.

O Saviour, make known unto me
The bleſſings thou'ſt bought with thy blood,
That I my election may ſee
As one that's redeemed to God:
O give me theſe bleſſings to prove;
Theſe taſtes and enjoyments divine;
That I have a ſhare in thy love,
And thus am eternally thine.

CCCXXIX. Love one another.

I love the Saviour's ſtamp divine,
On whomſo'er it be;
With heart and hand would chearful join
In goſpel harmony.

With ſuch I ſteadily contend
For ſoul-tranſporting grace;
And ſeek to know the ſinner's Friend,
His life of love and peace.

Contending for that precious faith
Which ſaints of old did prove;
That faith which purifies the heart;
That faith that works by love.

Who loath themſelves before the Lord;
And as they travel on,
Make mention of his precious word
And righteouſneſs alone.

Let party names in ſilence lie,
And Chriſt exalted be;
With ſuch I wiſh to live and die,
And ſpend eternity.

DISMISSION.

CCCXXX.

LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refreſh us, &c.
Trav'ling through this wilderneſs.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy goſpel's joyful ſound;
May the fruits of thy ſalvation
In our hearts and lives be found.
May thy preſence, &c.
With us, evermore be found.

So, whene'er the ſignal's giv'n,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels wings to heav'n,
Glad the ſummons to obey,
May we ever, &c.
Reign with Chriſt in endleſs day.

CCCXXXI.

BLEST are the ſouls that hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.
Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

CCCXXXII.

FROM all that dwell below the ſkies
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſun ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

CCCXXXIII.

COME, guilty ſouls, and flee away,
Like doves to Jeſu's wounds;
This is the welcome goſpel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
God lov'd the world and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jeſus ſays, he'll caſt out none
That come to him by faith.

CCCXXXIV.

THIS God is the God we adore;
Our faithful unchangeable Friend;
Whoſe love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows meaſure nor end:
'Tis Jeſus, the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

CCCXXXV.

IS Jeſus mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought moſt hard;
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like ſnow;
No blaſted trees, or failing crops,
Can hinder my eternal hopes;
Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the ſame;
Then let me triumph in his name.

CCCXXXVI.

DISMISS us with thy bleſſing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiſs forgive;
And let thy truth within us live.
Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
Waſh all our works in Jeſu's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd ſoul releaſe,
And bid us all depart in peace.

CCCXXXVII.

ONCE more, before we part
We'll bleſs the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;
Sing, ev'ry tongue, the ſame.

Hoard up his ſacred word;
And feed thereon and grow.
Go on to ſeek to know the Lord;
And practiſe what you know.

CCCXXXVIII.

LORD, help us on thy word to feed;
In peace diſmiſs us hence;
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence.
We now deſire to bleſs thy name;
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
The goodneſs of the Lord.

CCCXXXIX.

PRAISE God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

FINIS.

SUPPLEMENT.

CCCXL. Heavenly Contemplation.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came?
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast,
And follow'ing their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

Our glorious Leader claims the praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

CCCXLI. The Chriſtian Race.

AWAKE, our ſouls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.

True 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But we ſhould truſt the mighty God,
Who is the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

From him, the overflowing Spring,
Believers drink a freſh ſupply,
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Will melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
O may we mount to thine abode!
On wings of love to Jeſus fly;
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

CCCXLII. The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay;
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove;
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtop in all their courſe;
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun;
Both ſpeed them to their ſource:
So a ſoul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upwards tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

Ceaſe, ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn;
Preſs onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the ſkies:
Yet a ſeaſon, and you know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

CCCXLIII. Old Things paſſed away.

LET worldly minds the world purſue,
Its fading toys to ſee:
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.

Its pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have known the Lord.

As by the light of op'ning day,
The ſtars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When Jeſus is reveal'd.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me.

Yes; tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refus'd thee still.

CCCXLIV. Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r.
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

View him grov'ling in the garden:
Lo! your Maker proſtrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him:
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finiſh'd,
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

Lo! th' incarnate God, aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other truſt intrude.
None but Jeſus,
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

Saints and angels join'd in conſort,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb;
While the bliſsful ſeats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may ſing the ſame.

CCCXLV. Evening Worſhip.

O GOD, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy pow'rs.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command;
To thee we conſecrate our days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demands perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

CCCXLVI. The bleſſed Jubilee.

HOW many years have we been driv'n
Out from our Eden, from our heav'n!
Haſten the time, O Lord! reſtore
Thy wand'ring church to roam no more.

Pris'ners in houſes made of clay,
And out of ſight of heav'nly day,
They cannot chuſe but daily mourn,
Till they from baniſhment return.

When will the ſolemn trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
And Iſra'l's captive troops be free,
To keep an endleſs jubilee?

O God, the glorious day bring near,
The promis'd great ſabbatic year;
When far from ſin, and grief, and hell,
Iſr'el in ceaſeleſs peace ſhall dwell.

Till then we would not let thee reſt,
Thou ſtill ſhalt hear our ſouls requeſt;
And this our daily pray'r ſhall be,
T' enjoy the bleſſed jubilee.

CCCXLVII. Chriſt the ſure Refuge. Heb. vi. 17—19.

HOW oft hath ſin and Satan ſtrove
To rend my ſoul from thee, my God;
But everlaſting is thy love;
And Jeſus ſeals it with his blood.

The oath and promiſe of the Lord
Join to confirm the won'drous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endleſs praiſe.

Amidſt temptations ſharp and long,
My ſoul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and ſtrong,
While tempeſts blow, and billows riſe.

The goſpel bears my ſpirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promiſes, and blood.

CCCXLVIII. I am the God of Abraham.

THE God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above,
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I Am!
By earth and heav'n confeſt;
I own and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſs'd.

The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide and keep me all my days
In all his ways.
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And he will ſave me to the end,
Thro' Jeſu's blood.

Tho' nature's ſtrength decay,
And earth and hell withſtand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The wat'ry deep I paſs,
With Jeſus in my view;
And thro' this howling wilderneſs
My way purſue.

He keeps his own ſecure,
He guards them by his ſide;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His ſpotleſs bride.
On Zion's ſacred height
His kingdom there maintains;
And glorious with the ſaints in light
For ever reigns.

Before the Saviour's face
The ranſom'd nations bow,
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new.
He ſhews his prints of love;
They kindle to a flame!

And found thro' all the worlds above,
The ſlaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant hoſt
Give thanks to God moſt high;
Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
They ever cry.
Hail Abrah'm's God and mine!
(I Join the heav'nly lays),
All might and majeſty are thine,
And endleſs praiſe.

CCCXLIX. He has done all things well.

Mark vii. 37.

NOW in a grateful ſong of praiſe,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raiſe;
With all his ſaints I'll join to tell,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

All worlds his glorious pow'r confeſs;
His wiſdom all his works expreſs:
But O, his love! what tongue can tell!
My Jeſus has done all things well.

I ſpurn'd his grace, I broke his laws;
And yet he undertook my cauſe,
To ſave me tho' I did rebel;
My Jeſus has done all things well.

And ſince my ſoul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove;
Mercies which doth all praiſe excel;
My Jeſus has done all things well.

Sometimes thy Lord his face doth hide
To make me pray, or kill my pride;
Yet then it on my mind should dwell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

When ere I pass the veil of death,
And in his arms yield up my breath;
With saints above I'll joyful tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

CCCL. The true Christian.

LET us ask th' important question,
(Brethren, be not too secure)
What it is to be a Christian?
How we may our hearts assure?
Vain is all our best devotion,
If on false foundation built;
True religion's more than notion;
Something must be known and felt.

Hear the terms that never vary;
"To repent and to believe;"
Both of these are necessary;
Both from Jesus we receive.
Would be Christian! duly ponder
These in thine impartial mind;
And let no man put asunder
What the Lord has wisely join'd.

Oh! beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy tears;
Are the shipwreck'd sav'd by sinking?
Can the ruin'd rise by fears?

Oh! beware of truſt ill founded;
'Tis but fancied faith at moſt,
To be cur'd, and not be wounded,
To be ſav'd before you're loſt.

No big words of ready talkers,
No dry doctrine will ſuffice;
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
Theſe are dear in Jeſu's eyes.
Tinkling ſounds of diſputation.
Naked knowledge, all are vain;
Ev'ry ſoul that gains ſalvation
Muſt and ſhall be born again.

CCCLI. Parting of Friends.

BLESS'D be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And do his work below.

Then let us, brethren, cloſer cleave
To his belov'd embrace
Expect his fulneſs to receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

CCCLII. The Chriſtian's Paradox.

HOW ſtrange is the courſe the Chriſtian (muſt ſteer!
How perplex'd is the path he muſt tread!

The hope of his happineſs riſes from fear,
And his life he derives from the dead.
His faireſt pretenſions muſt wholly be waiv'd,
And his beſt reſolutions be croſt;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly ſav'd,
'Till he finds himſelf utterly loſt.

When all this is done, and his heart is aſſur'd
Of the total remiſſion of ſins,
When his pardon is ſign'd, and his peace is procur'd,
From that moment his conflict begins.

CCCLIII. Afflictions profitable.

GOD in Iſra'l ſows the ſeeds
Of afflictions, pain, and toil,
Theſe ſpring up and choak the weeds
Which would elſe o'erſpread the ſoil:
Trials make the promiſe ſweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials lay me at his feet;
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chaſtiſement by the way,
Might I not with reaſon fear
I ſhould prove a caſt-away.
Baſtards may eſcape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight,
But the true born child of God
Muſt not, will not if he might.